JOHN BULL, SEPTEMBER 15, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 882 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1923. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

Has Christ Failed?

by

SIR HALL CAINE, C.H.

Don't blame the Bacon!

If the night has robbed your appetite of its edge, don't blame the bacon! Does the fault lie with your digestive organs? Are they slacking?

To cope with the invasion of life's little ills you require a medicine that will gently but surely rouse your organs into healthy activity and, at the same time, cleanse and re-invigorate the system. Beecham's Pills are a proved remedy. They restore the appetite naturally by their health-giving properties and build up the constitution. It is worth your while to

take

Beecham's Pills

LIMITED NUMBER ONLY.

2/6 Everpointed Pencils FREE

YOU must hurry if you want one of these handsome Pencils which we are giving away FREE with the new model 5/6 "John Bull" Lever Self Filling Pen. The Pen, complete with solid gold nib, iridium tipped, safety screw cap, is equal to other pens costing at least double the price. Guaranteed for two years. The grand free distribution of Pencils is rapidly approaching the end. Sign the coupon now.

SEND NO MONEY.

Address for 10 days only. JOHN BULL PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Send me your new model 5/6 "John Bull" Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application, cross P.O. "& Co.," and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

J.B. 15.9.23. Date.....

JOHN BULL'S NEW list of BENEFITS now in force

TOTAL BENEFITS PAID

8291

Fill in the Form Now

FIRE

£400—against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1000—in case of death of husband and wife directly due to fire at registered reader's home.

£500—in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 PER WEEK maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks)

ACCIDENTS IN HOME AND GARDEN

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£250—loss of life.

£250—loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125—loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

£300—loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300—loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£100—loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100—loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£300—loss caused by aeroplane, airship, or other aerial craft.

£300—loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1000—in case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500—if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 or £250 in respect of each, for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10—Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

£6 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader:—

£5 5s.—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever, or "Spotted Fever", Anthrax, and Tetanus (or Lockjaw). These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS

£250—in case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—

Football, Tennis, Cricket, Golf, Hockey, Lacrosse, as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING

£250—if the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath, providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer

Do not Re-register

Readers who are already registered are automatically qualified for the New Benefits announced on this page, and should not re-register unless they have changed their address or their newsagent since registration.

Readers who desire it may obtain confirmation of their registration upon application to: Registration Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2, provided that they enclose stamp(s), addressed envelope.

This New and Increased List of Benefits, which came into force on September 10th, 1923, cancels and supersedes the previous Schedule of Benefits. Present Registered Readers who are fully qualified for this new Schedule of Benefits should cut it out and pin it to their Registration Certificate.

The names of some of the hundreds who benefit this week unavoidably hold over.

CUT HERE.

J.B., 15.9.23

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name.....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS).

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date..... .....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing 1d. stamp.

CUT HERE.

J.B. 15.9.23.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address .....

Date..... .....

The Mail Order Market

A PERFECT POSTAL SERVICE for BARGAIN-HUNTERS

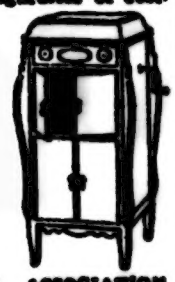
WHEN SENDING
Write your name and address in block letters. Give exact description of goods required. Send Money and Treasury Notes by registered post.
Always mention JOHN BULL.

YOUR PROTECTION
The JOHN BULL guarantee covers all offers in this section. You can part with your money as safely as buying across a store counter, so post your order to-day.

GRAMOPHONE SALE

Entire Stock of High-Class British Manufacturer to be cleared regardless of cost.

APPROVAL.
BEFORE PURCHASE.
READ THIS :— 4ft. MAHOGANY Cabinets— BRITISH DOUBLE SPRING nickel-plated Motor playing 3 to 6 tunes once winding — 12 in. Turntable — WONDERFUL TONE. Fully guaranteed.



Records with each Cabinet.
Model A 8 gns.
" B 12 gns.
Call or write at once
UNIVERSAL SUPPLY ASSOCIATION
131a, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, London

14 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

The greatest wash-day boon ever invented. The new and improved "SWIFTSURE" Patent BALL-VALVE VACUUM Washer is a triumph of BRITISH inventive genius.

A TUB OF CLOTHES WASHED IN 4 MINUTES
NO BOILING
NO RUBBING
NO SCRUBBING
100,000 Satisfied Purchasers
Made of Solid Copper
Carr. 19/6 paid.

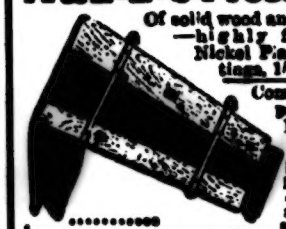
SEND NO MONEY
Just send a postcard to-day and the "SWIFTSURE" will be sent CARRIAGE PAID for your 14 DAYS FREE TRIAL.
BRITISH VACUUM WASHER CO. (Dept 20), Liverpool

THIS MAN MADE £3,000 IN 2 YEARS, WITH £5 TO START.

We will tell you how it was done. We will tell you what to do and how to do it. Stop being a wage slave and establish your own business supremacy NOW. Send for our wonderful Free Booklet "BY POST TO PROSPERITY." It tells how you can start a Mail Order business at home. Points a quick, certain way to a big income, and shows how £5 can be made a basis of independence.
Write to-day for Free Booklet.
SHAW INSTITUTE (Dept. J.B. 22), 1, Montague St., W.C. 1.

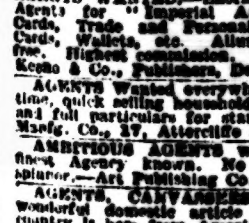
A £2-2-0 Press for 6/6

Of solid wood and metal —highly finished. Nickel Plated Fittings, 1/9 extra.



Compact, lightweight, packs in suit case. Built to last years.
SAVE MONEY. DRESS WELL.
Keep your trousers creased and pressed to make them last longer and to give them that "just-from-the-tailor" look.
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If not delighted full postage and cost refunded upon return in good condition. Send for List of other Lines.
The "COOPER-Kut"
Unlike any other press. Two thumb screws and patent grip give even pressure and knife-edge crease. Send for this extraordinary bargain.
The GEORGE COLLARDEE BOX CO., Ltd. (Dept. B21), Garendon Wks., Hull

FREE



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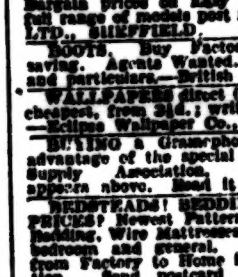
The conditions are that you send your name and address, your age, and occupation, with 1/- (to cover postage on the 1st part), writing your name and address very clearly. We shall then place your name on our Free List and send you Part 1 at once. The others will be forwarded as issued. Do not fail to give the particulars required, and use this full address.

The Bennett College (Dept. D31), Sheffield.

A Canteen of Stainless Cutlery for

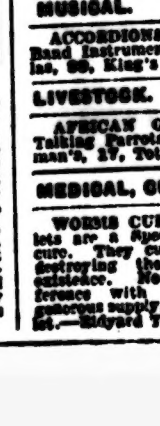


CARR. 25/- PAID

Comprising 6 Genuine British Made Fifth Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, and 6 Tea Spoons. All Resistain silver. Packed in well-fitted box. Money returned if not satisfied.

Trade Inquiries Invited. Send to-day.
THE BRITISH STAINLESS CUTLERY CO., 10, New Hibernia Chambers, London, S.E.1

WORKMEN—



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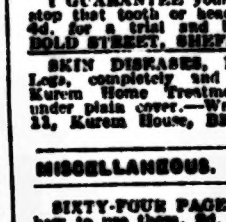
Made from extra strong Blue Drill or Brown Denim, guaranteed Fast Dye.
Jackets 4/6 Bib Overalls 4/11
Overalls 4/6 Boiler Suits 9/11
Postage 6d. extra; orders over 20/- carriage paid.
All orders dispatched by return. Not skimped to produce this wonderful value, but generously cut, honestly made, roomy garments.
Money back if not thoroughly satisfied.
Hundreds of Testimonials.
All Workers please send for our Catalogue containing other Bargains in Overalls and Shirts.
J. W. GURREY & CO., Dept. G., 9, John St., Thomas St., Manchester.

"THE BOLTON"

Carriage Paid on approval.
Ball-Bearing Tangent Cycle Wheels



£6:17:6

Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. LoosePushi ns Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made.
Cheaper Models from £3:12:6
Write for Free Catalogue No. 10.
S. BOLTON, 230 & 4 S, Ingland Rd., London, E. 8

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers, and beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Welfson's Warehouse, 69, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 91, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only) : list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 99, High Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS, MARKET MEN & BEGINNERS. —If you want real value in Remnants, Cut Lengths, and Ready-mades, get in touch with Levy's, Ltd., Manchester Warehousemen, 200, Commercial Rd., London, E. Wholesale List free.

CRYING DOLLS, with real eyelashes. Beautiful Model Dressed Dolls that go to sleep. Character and undressed dolls. Wonderful value and variety. Per £5 we will send you the best sample range it is possible for any expert to select at nearly pre-war prices. Carriage paid and cash free. Will show you 50 per cent. profit.—Edward Jones, 8, Briggate, Leeds.

GAS Mantles at nearly pre-war prices. All guaranteed perfect. Upright or inverted. Sample dozens sent on receipt of 3/-. Special prices for quantities.—Edward Jones, 8, Briggate, Leeds. Price list of other goods on application.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMANS, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

XMAS Chocolate Clubs.—Spare-time Agents wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. Best makes only supplied. Particulars free.—Samuel Driver, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds.

AGENTS WANTED.—Enormous success of all Agents for "Imperial Art" Series Xmas Cards, Trade and Personal Calendars, Xmas Cards, Wallets, etc. Alluring sample album free. Highest commission. No outlay.—Write, Keene & Co., Publishers, Dept. "B.," Hull.

AGENTS Wanted everywhere, whole or spare time, quick selling household necessity; samples and full particulars for stamp.—The Greatease Manfg. Co., 27, Attercliffe Rd., Sheffield.

AMBITIOUS AGENTS write for details of finest Agency known. No outlay. A money spinner.—Art Publishing Co., Desk B., Preston.

AGENTS, CANVASSERS, etc. The most wonderful domestic article ever seen in this country is here from America. Easy profit for you with an assured income. Sample 2d.—Pentons (Dept. 9), 14, New Bridge Street, London.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate : 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send one penny stamp for prospectus.—S. P. M. Co., Dept. 109, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

A FACTORY IN A KITCHEN.—New, fas., well-pd. Home Industry (patented). Stpd. add. env.—England-Richards Co., 30, King's Lynn.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial Newspapers for 7/6. London and suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 66), 139, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 20/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars, H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 142, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 20 London and provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (16 words), 50 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. Y.), 61, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

50,000 WORD new Mail Order Business Guide, 112 pages, illustrated, 1s. 6d. Catalogue, 2d.—J. & B. Wilkes, Publishers, Stockton, Rugby.

START a profitable business of own. No risk. We supply everything. (Enc. stpd. env.)—Morse (H.K.J.), 140, Duke Street, Liverpool.

BARGAIN SALES.

CATALOGUE Free.—Boots, Suits, Costumes, Watches, Rings, Clocks, etc. Easy terms, from 3/- monthly.—Masters, Ltd., Hyde.

CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of full range of models post free.—J. G. GEAVES, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

BOOTS. Buy Factory direct. Enormous saving. Agents Wanted. Stamp for lists (L.) and particulars.—British Boot Co., Bristol.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 2½d.; write for free pattern book. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

BUYING a Gramophone? You should take advantage of the special offer of the Universal Supply Association. Their advertisement appears above. Read it now.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING! WHY PAY SHOP PRICES? Newest Patterns in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., Furniture, bedroom and general. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home in perfectly new condition. Send postcard to-day for illustrated price lists. Discount for cash, or by monthly instalments. Established 25 years. — Charles Riley, Desk 10, Moor Street, Birmingham.

ENLARGEMENTS from any photo; beautiful work. 12 x 10 in. 2s. Send now. Money back if dissatisfied.—Cooper, 191, Gt. Colmore Street, Birmingham.

A CANTEEN of Stainless Cutlery for 25s. Sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? But the offer is too true to be overlooked. Every piece is British made, and sold direct to the public by The British Stainless Cutlery Co., whose announcement appears above. There are similar bargains alongside.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Racton Road, London, S.W.6.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

HARRIS TWEEDS, direct from Crofters' Looms, guaranteed hand-made, fashionable shades, reduced prices. Patterns post free. —Harris Tweed Co. (Dept. 37), 13, Lombard Street, Inverness.

FANCY Leathers, 15 lovely colours, 9d. sq. ft. Ladies, send 2d. stamp for set of patts.—Catt, Leather Works, Northampton.

REAL HARRIS TWEED from Loom to Wearer, reduced to 6/- a yard. All wool, handmade, ideal for Sporting and Negligee wear. Patterns post free.—Mrs. Morrison, Dept. J.B., Leverburgh, Harris, N.B.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour. Full particulars, specimen Diploma free. —Smse Inst., 47, Vesting Grove, Portsmouth.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study. Used on Parliamentary Reporting staff. Sixpenny handbook free. Postage 2d. —Sloan Duployan Hdqrs., Dept. 32, Ramsgate.

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ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Illd. Catalogue free.—Dougan, 90, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

LIVESTOCK.

AFRICAN Grey Parrots, Amazons, Young Talking Parrots and cages, from 40/-.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 2½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Silvyard Tablet Co., 54-58, Codnor, Derbys.

ENERGOTS BRING HEALTH, clear eyes, faultless complexion, strenuous vitality, strong nerves, perfect digestion, and a happy disposition. One tablet only. Trial box (60 tabs.), 1/6.—Energots (Dept. J.B.), 12, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.1.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds, containing good, sound advice and special information of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —The Brasenose Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. H.), 60-62, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept. X.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free. Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1763U), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy." 2/6 btl., p.f., or write for partics., "Routers," 11a, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

FOR Heart, Brain and Nerves and the Restoration of Youth. Sample Packet free. Call or write, The J.B. Dumaresq Company, 48, Cranbourn Street, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Racton Road, London, S.W.6.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

GET WELL Permanently — the "Nature Science" way—no drugs or exercises. Send 11d (postage) for booklet.—Mr. B. Scott, 47, Huddlestone Road, London, N.W.2.

FINLEY'S FOOT SUPPORTS cure naturally flat feet, bunions, corns. 8s. per pair, post free. State ladies' or gent's, and size of footwear.—Finley, 54, Lower Thames Street, London.

I GUARANTEE your money back if I don't stop that tooth or headache. Send 1s., 6d, or 4d. for a trial and be convinced.—S., 32, BOLD STREET, SHEFFIELD.

SKIN DISEASES, Psoriasis, Eczema, Bad Legs, completely and permanently cured by Kurem Home Treatment. Free Book sent under plain cover.—Write J. Robinson & Sons, 12, Kurem House, BRADFORD.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

What will win the Cesarewitch?

Can You Forecast the 1st & 2nd?

A FASCINATING COMPETITION.

GET a Packet of "PINNACE" Cigarettes and read the directions on the Coupon in the packet. It is your opportunity for combining profit and the pleasure of a really good cigarette. Every month you can enter for one of the undermentioned FREE CASH PRIZES offered for Racing and Football Forecasts.

START TO-DAY.

Cut out the Entry Form and Free Coupon below for this month's Competition. Send it with 10 Coupons from the 10 packets, or 5 from the 20 packets, or 2 from the 50's box and post to "Pinnace" Competition Department, 167, Strand, London, W.C. 2. You can send in as many entries as you like if the necessary Coupons are attached.

The Following Cash Prizes Awarded Monthly:

1st PRIZE	£40	4th PRIZE	£10
2nd "	£30	5th "	£5
3rd "	£20	25 PRIZES	£1

Use the Entry Form below!

Begin Now!
CUT THIS OUT.
FREE Coupon
(10 PACKET SIZE)
for
"PINNACE" CIGARETTE Sporting Competition.
J.B.

Pinnace

NAVY CUT
CIGARETTES
10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d. 50 for 2/5

ENTRY FORM

Name..... Attach Coupons here Tobacconist's Name .....

Address..... Address .....

SEPTEMBER, 1923. CESAREWITCH, Winning and second horses 1st .....

2nd.....

The forecast must reach our office not later than 30th September.
In the event of unforeseen alteration of dates, Godfrey Phillips, Ltd., reserve the right to alter the date of entry.
J.B.

Cut out this Form to-day!

Additional Entry Forms may be obtained from Tobacconists at 2d. each.

A CABINET SIZE PHOTO FREE.

IN EXCHANGE for 25 small Photos given in the Packets of "Pinnace" Cigarettes, a Cabinet Photograph of Grimsdell, Watson, Rutherford, Cock, Buchan, Kelly, Whipp, Moss, or one of over 2,000 other famous Footballers will be given Free.

GODFREY PHILLIPS, LIMITED, LONDON.

VOL. XXXIV. No. 902.
Week ending Saturday,
Sept. 15, 1923. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

93, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 9666
Telegrams: Heroically, London

For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Well Earned.

The Prince of Wales has gone to his ranch in Canada for a complete holiday. If ever a holiday was well earned this one was, and we heartily commend the common-sense of his advisers for insisting on it.

Make it a Real League.

As one of the sternest critics of the League of Nations, we are not too proud to congratulate it on its stand against Mussolini. Had the League not been so supine in the past, Italy's little Dictator would never have dared to flout its Covenant.

A Moral Crime.

Whatever the rights and wrongs of Italy's case against Greece the shelling of Corfu and the killing of sixteen children was an act of barbarism. A few years ago such things were labelled "atrocities."

Honesty or Hypocrisy?

The sincerity of M. Poincaré is going to be tested, for the new German Chancellor is about to make a direct approach to France to settle the Ruhr question. If the French value the support of their Allies they must at least give him a fair hearing instead of a blunt refusal.

The Price.

What the squabble between France and Germany means to this country is seen when it is realised that for every man unemployed in France we have 600 in this country. Mr. Baldwin must get ahead with his next move for peace.

Brave! Sir Robert.

The Prime Minister's hand will be greatly strengthened by the plain words of Sir Robert Horne at Glasgow. His commonsense treatment of the Reparations tangle will perhaps convince Poincare that the "Pip and Squeak" Press is not a true reflection of the thoughts of the People.

Bring Them Home.

The Rhine Army is costing the British taxpayer £2 000,000 a year. It is doing Britain no good, and we are in continual danger of a serious clash with the French. It is an expensive farce. End it.

A Wise Leader.

Mr. J. H. Thomas is to be congratulated on his vigorous denunciation of those who wish to settle the Ruhr controversy by a general strike. Strikes are futile weapons anyhow, but this particular idea is sheer lunacy.

The Usual Result.

As the boilermakers' strike drags on the Clyde shipyards are in danger of closing down. As usual, the strike policy creates more unemployment. When will the men learn that reason beats force every time?

An Abuse of Privilege.

What steps have the authorities taken regarding the distribution of anti-French pamphlets from the German Consul's office in Liverpool? Such a procedure is simply gross international discourtesy.

An Unnecessary Warning.

Sir Percy Cox says no useful purpose will be served by undue optimism about Mesopotamia. Such a remark only shows how little he appreciates the feelings of the taxpayer who has seen millions upon millions of his hard-earned money wasted there.

Distinction—But No Difference!

Mr. Hughes—U.S.A. Secretary of State—says the position of America is one of independence and not of isolation. What he means is they'll take our money but they won't help us.

The Blunt Truth.

At the Inter-Parliamentary Conference the American delegate said that his country regarded debts as more important than reparations and that they expected to be paid to the last penny. If it's not friendly it's at least frank!

A Strong Lead.

The International Police Conference has denounced the passport nuisance because it only annoys honest travellers and is easily evaded by crooks. We have been advocating its abolition for long on the same grounds.

We Said So.

The Commission of British business men just returned from Russia are impressed with the opportunities there for British trade. That's good enough. We expect the Government to establish sound business relations without delay.

Sitting on Them.

Numerous schemes of relief work have been hung up for months because they are still "under consideration" by Government Departments. Parliament ought to "sit on" these sluggard officials in no uncertain manner.

Apathetic Officialdom.

Various big houses, used during the war, are now standing empty—the property of the Government. Why don't they give a lead to the other owners of empty property by converting them into flats to relieve the house famine?

Their Reward.

The housing shortage is so acute at Worcester that the Prison Commissioners have allowed part of the jail to be let as tenements. When those who fought for their country look on scenes like this they must wonder if, after all, it was worth while!

Bloodsuckers.

Under the new Housing Act unscrupulous landlords are obtaining possession of houses in order to resell at inflated prices. This is an opening for profiteers that was not intended, and Parliament must amend the Act accordingly.

Others First—as Usual.

New Zealand is going to restore the penny post this year. The Mother Country will restore it sometime—perhaps. It's the difference between a Government with business vision and one without.

The Callous Ministry.

If Lenin knew what Major Tryon's Department was doing he would elect him a member of the Soviet and give him a handsome pension. His Ministry is doing more to create Bolshevism than all the Communists in the country. We repeat, Tryon MUST go.

An Alarming Prospect.

Unless the Government and Parliament bestir themselves Britain is faced with a serious problem. While skilled men are emigrating, immigrants are the unskilled refugees of Eastern Europe. Emigration must be controlled and the alien laws tightened up.

Another Taxpayers' Burden.

Nobody wants Shorncliffe Camp. It is useless as a military post, and rapidly falling into decay. But it has to be paid for, and the sooner the War Office scrap such a white elephant the better.

Cock-eyed "Economy."

The amount expended on the supply of milk to expectant and nursing mothers has been cut down from £359,000 to £226,000. And the Ministry of Health no doubt contemplates with complacency the appalling death-rate among new-born children!

What's the Use?

Ex-Service men, after completing their training under the Ministry of Labour Scheme, are unable to obtain jobs. What's the use of half doing a thing? Jobs should be found for them. It's a question of justice—not charity.

No Wonder!

We're not surprised to learn that the Government Committee is going to recommend that no Civil Servant shall be allowed to become an M.P. They know far too much of what goes on behind the scenes!

Someone is Plundering.

Although wheat is now round about pre-war price bread continues to be dear. Between the farmer and consumer someone is getting away with swollen profits, someone who ought to be exposed and taught better.

A Mystery.

We invite some retailers to explain why the prices of vegetables are double those of last year? And it will have to be a very convincing explanation before housewives are satisfied that no one is getting rich at their expense.

The Showdown!

A local butcher has contracted to supply the Winslow Guardians with English meat at 8d. to 11d. per lb. We couldn't wish for a neater exposure of the colossal profiteering when the ordinary consumer buys meat.

Reinstitute Control!

The butchers continue on their profiteering career—as much as 1s. 4d. profit being made on a pound of beef. The Government must bring back control of some kind if these foodsharks will not climb down of their own accord.

Proof or Spoof?

It is a pity the management of otherwise reputable papers do not take up the question of fraudulent tipster. Close investigation would show that there are many "catches" in this game, and gullible readers are caught nearly every time.

Out of the Frying Pan——

Emigration is the Government's only cure for unemployment, and yet protest meetings are being held in Australia against this. English unemployed are enticed to emigrate to Perth, where there are 1,200 unemployed already. To shovel out-of-works into such a Paradise is heartlessly cruel.

N.C.D.M.

These mystic letters stand for the "National Constitutional Defence Movement," which is appealing for funds to flood the newspapers with anti-Labour propaganda. Just when there is every need for all classes to work together to prevent disaster it strikes us as an unnecessary society.

Asking for It.

With winter approaching, and the rate of unemployment growing steadily by thousands a week, the Government's plans still only provide work for 300,000 men . . . and that only if all the schemes receive official sanction. When Parliament reassembles there'll be something doing in the way of drastic criticism of such supine ineffectiveness.

Tragedy of Overcrowding.

"Overcrowding is an evil, sociological, hygienic and moral," says Mr. R. S. Rodger, Manchester district's coroner. A lenient indictment of Ashton's housing conditions when eleven persons are found packed in two small rooms, and a babe loses its life. The historian will more severely handle a Government whose neglect is having a bad effect on lives, health, and morals.

Elated with Methylated.

A married woman, Frances Jones, of Hemsworth, near Pontefract, drank methylated spirits and became mad. With hat-pins in her hands she ran amok and threatened to murder men. When a police sergeant and six civilians had overpowered her and she was placed in a cell, she proceeded to smash it up. Another poor victim of the soul-destroying evil the Government ought long ago to have handled.

Railway Murderers.

From Barrow to Bedford, a distance of nearly 238 miles, George White, a man of 68, had to stand in the corridor throughout the entire train journey. He died of heart failure fifteen minutes after his arrival home. And the railway companies, unable to give decent accommodation for their passengers, talk of increasing the price of "seasons." The shame of it.

What a Life!

Henry Brentnall, a miner of Tinsley Park, Sheffield, was sent to three months' hard labour for neglecting his three young children. He had only worked fifteen shifts this year, instead of full time. He went for a walk in the morning, slept in the afternoon, and took another walk in the evening. He ate the children's food which had been obtained by the exertions of his invalid wife. A name for such as he has not yet been found.

Buck Up, Bedford!

Though many magistrates are now fully alive to the drunken motorist menace, their brethren of the Bedford Bench are still blind. In spite of the fact that Harry Britten Wells was so drunk while driving his car in a busy Bedford street that he ran into the footpath, and then backed across the street, scattering the crowd in all directions, the blind-eyed Bedford Bench merely fined him £2, and did not even suspend his licence. If some magistrates had got this hog ——!

Give Men a Chance!

When Robert Henry Price appeared before the Leamington Bench he made the complaint too often uttered by ex-convicts. He had tried to earn an honest living, but the police had invariably informed his employers that they were engaging a man with the prison taint. "I have been driven into vagabondage," said Price, and the Clerk told him not to pose as a martyr! It is this callousness on the part of a few people in authority that makes men law-breakers. Could not the Clerk have given the man a decent hearing and caused his allegations to be investigated?

Heroes of Labour.

Hidden among the tragedies of the poor are such acts of exquisite heroism as that which resulted in the death of Sidney Devonshire, a Pontyminster steel worker. This man sacrificed his life in attempting to rescue a fellow-worker from a pit full of boiling steam. His memory will never die.

Black Blackburn.

Blackburn has the distinction of being the largest cotton-weaving centre in the world. It also has the distinction, an unenviable one, of employing more married women industrially than any other borough in Lancashire. If Blackburn men were paid a living wage their wives would not be compelled to crowd two days' work into one.

A Fish-truck Fire Brigade.

Something serious will happen at Stoke-on-Trent one of these days if the town is not immediately supplied with an up-to-date fire brigade. Recently at outbreaks of fire the brigade were held up through lack of horses, and had to secure the services of a truck from a local fishmonger! The watch committee want to get a move on before the town becomes the laughing *Stoke* of the five towns!

Fleeing from Paradise!

Despite the official assurances that Borstal is really a home from home, boys imprisoned there show a consistent desire to get as far away from it as possible. Two of them escaped from a camp at Kingsdown, and made a desperate bid to get across the Channel on a motor-boat. Doesn't it occur to the authorities that something must be wrong when boys take such risks to secure their freedom? The public will not be satisfied until our disclosures bring about a strict inquiry and quick reform.

Longing for Freedom.

A sad story is that of Mary Carroll, of Alyn Terrace, Mold. Three years after her first husband was killed in the war she was wooed by Michael Carroll and she married him. He proved to be a blackguard and a wastrel. Their children and herself he treated abominably, and he preferred the dole to work. When a job was found him he spent the money earned on drink, making his home a hell and his wife's life a misery. Such heart-broken women should have the legal right to claim freedom from men of Carroll's type.

Is She a Woman?

What a fiend Jane Zographus, of George Street, Glasgow, must be! Trusted with the care of a three-weeks-old illegitimate baby, this she-devil could not torture the poor helpless mite enough. She put it in a sink, turned on the tap, and ran cold water on it; held it suspended by its clothing from an upstairs window, and put wet clothes on its little body. When two policemen intervened they found the child stiff with cold, and on the verge of convulsions. Zographus was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. It might have been more.

A Rotter of Rotterdam.

Of all the filthy ways of making a living the methods of H. Berdot will take a lot of beating. From Rotterdam, Holland, this rotter pounces on the names of people who have advertised births in the birth columns of the English newspapers, and sends to the happy father his price list of rubber goods and surgical appliances. The receipt of this circular after such a happy event has aroused the wrath of many of our readers. Cannot the P.M.G., so keen to intercept sweepstake letters, stop this kind of thing?

Increased Insurance Benefits now in force.

See page 2.

Not Fined Enough.

Cyril Wallen has been fined fifty pounds at Willesden for selling cream which was more than half adulterant. The pity is that food adulteration is such a paying game that the culprits pay up and start again merrily under other names. Prison is the only method with these dangerous pests.

Misplaced Tenderness.

One month in prison was the sentence given to Edward Wilkins, of Chepstow, for stripping his little twelve-year-old son, lashing him to a cart-wheel and flogging him. The boy broke loose and hid all night. When found he had twenty-eight heavy weals across his body. One month for that! What's the matter with our magistrates?

Then and Now.

When Major Tryon was a common or garden M.P. he did his best for the pensioner, while he kept one eye on the Ministry. Then our pensioner correspondents praised him to the skies. But he has forgotten them now and cringes under the Treasury whip. He should hear what they say of him to-day!

There is a Happy Land!

Although so many ex-soldiers are walking the streets vainly searching for work, the Ministry of Labour has granted to 2,000 aliens permits to enter the country to do specified work. One German in Manchester has been trying to get the dole. What a happy land England is—for aliens.

Mercy with Forbearance.

The British Legion shows up well in its treatment of Henry Arthur Curtis, who attempted to extract from them by a series of fradulent statements a considerable sum of money. In consideration of Curtis' war-time service, the Legion undertook to find work for Curtis—an example that might profitably be followed in other quarters with more deserving men.

All in the Day's Work.

Our Pensions Editor found a soldier pensioner at Colney Hatch Asylum who was obviously sane. He made representations to the Ministry of Pensions, with the result that the man was discharged as a person "clothed in his right mind." On his discharge the Mental After Care Society did the rest, and now he is quite comfortable and happy down at Hove. The poor chap sends us an avalanche of thanks. But we regard the rescue as part of our job.

Killing off the Disabled.

The authorities must take proper notice of the allegations of Walter Smith, an ex-soldier of West Kensington, who died a few days after attending a medical board. Smith complained to his mother that he had "been pulled about," and made to "go up and down thirty times." He became ill and died in St. George's Hospital, four fragments of metal being found in his body. We have repeated complaints of the treatment meted out to disabled men at medical boards. This Prussian cruelty must be stopped!

The Woman Pays.

Not content with getting a St. John's Wood nursemaid into trouble under promise of marriage—a promise he knew he could not keep as he was already married—Richard Lionel Harcourt, of Walton-on-Thames, "talked" all the poor girl's savings, £19 10s., out of her pocket. Then he ran away and left her in the lurch before their baby was born. In sending him to jail for twelve months Mr. D'Eyncourt described Harcourt as a blackguard. Our opinion is unprintable.

Laughing at the Destitute.

The *Daily Mail*, in its efforts to provide its readers with their daily sensation, has begun to ridicule those unfortunate ex-Service men who are compelled, through unemployment, to sing for coppers in the streets. The street singers of to-day are not the Weary Willies of pre-war times. They are men who want work and cannot get it. They are men who fought for Britain. To poke fun at their "Tishy legs" and their "pessimism" is a cowardly insult. Is this what our broken soldiers are to expect from the *Daily Mail*?

The Railway Ramp.

Public pressure should succeed in making the railway companies climb down about the proposed increase in "seasons" fares. Working costs have decreased, they have huge reserves, and the proposal is nothing but rank extortion and profiteering.

Oldham's Future Mothers.

A smartly dressed young girl, found lying unconscious on a stall in Tommyfield, Oldham, was taken to the local hospital. There it was revealed that she was drunk. Is it not time that Oldham wakes its police and compels them to deal with the sordid places where young girls are encouraged to drink to excess?

Devilishly Cunning.

One of the little ironies that have the public for victims is the fact that the cost of appealing against the new season-ticket rates for any individual "objector" is 7s. 6d. for the schedule and 15s. for fee stamps. The payment of 22s. 6d. in order to object to the increase of 10s. on a season ticket is less Gilbertian than Mephistophelian.

Legal Insanity.

It is about time a little sanity crept into the leaves of the dusty law books. The rule that the survivor of a suicide "compact" should be charged with murder is a relic of barbarism. Had the survivor succeeded in his attempt at suicide he would be declared "temporarily insane." As he was not successful he is sane enough to be a murderer. Judged by legal "sanity" he *is* sane!

The Widow Suffers.

A poor widow in Birkenhead gave all the money she had to her little child, and sent her out to buy food. Edith Mary Margin, of Somerville Street, met the little one, stole the money, and for a whole day the poor family had nothing at all to eat. Now Edith is in jail, where she will be kept for three months. A wretch who causes little children to go hungry deserves little leniency.

Is Discharge Enough?

Three separate cases of wrongful arrest were dealt with this week by London magistrates. One of the three sufferers, Arthur Lane, was actually able to prove that he was elsewhere when the theft of which he was accused was committed. All cases were discharged "without a stain," etc., but some more substantial apology would be welcome in the case of poor men to whom arrest is a serious matter.

"Won't Works" at Weymouth.

At Weymouth, Dorset, three single unemployed men refused a vacant job of barber's assistant, which, with board, lodging, laundries and extras was worth at least £2 a week. Now the Guardians are advertising the appointment. This is the kind of thing that puts arguments into the mouths of those who decry the British working man. The unemployed of Weymouth ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Get-rich-quick Plappet!

What a grasper Alfred Plappet, the Leytonstone tailor, must be. He owns a building in the High Street, which has a rent value of 25s. a week. The shop part and a parlour he occupies himself. For a so-called furnished room he extorts 14s. a week, for the kitchen and scullery 18s., and for other rooms 14s. and 12s. The 50s. fine, guinea for costs, and £22 he has had to disgorge to his rack-rented tenants may have made him squeal.

Publish His Name.

Who is the Sunderland father who wrote to the daily Press describing his fiendish way of punishing his children for their misdeeds? The guilty child disrobes entirely and is whipped before his brothers and sisters. One of the girls who is subjected to this treatment is twenty-one years old, and when she requested that her punishment should be given privately the cold-blooded brute refused. That a man should whip a daughter of twenty-one is bad enough. That he should do it in front of younger boys and girls is terrible. Why was his name not given?

Deportation Farce.

Yusef Milluhov is an alien criminal of the worst type, who defiles and robs young girls as the preliminary to living on their earnings. Five times he has been ordered for deportation but is still here and laughs at the authorities. He is one of many and the scandal ought to end.

Underworld Peril.

The deadly peril to our women of the Hashish traffic, conducted in our midst by aliens clever enough to evade the law, must be rooted out without delay. A certain public-house in the West End of London is the meeting place for these traffickers; it is known as the Dope House, yet under the existing law Scotland Yard has only limited power of action. A very slight alteration of legal phraseology would do the trick.

The Tyneside Way.

For six hours the Newcastle Watch Committee investigated the charges of bribery, and the solicitation of bribes, brought against local constables. Two of them were dismissed for drinking with a convicted bookmaker, and another was fined a week's pay and reduced in grade. We are glad that Newcastle does not flinch from punishing the wrongdoer. The purity of the police force must be maintained at all costs.

Horse Power.

The latest philanthropist offering money for nothing is Harry Power, the Newmarket Tipster, who undertakes that if certain tips bought from him go down to back the next one with ten shillings of his money and remit the resultant odds to the client. If Harry is such a power in the horse world why should he carry on as a touting tipster. Surely he could make a fortune for himself.

Problems of Life.

GOODNESS AND GREATNESS

By the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.

SIR ALGERNON WEST records hearing Joseph Chamberlain say that a great man could not be a good man.

Goodness, argued the distinguished statesman, implied self-effacement: greatness the contrary.

Chamberlain was a very clever man, but, in this instance, he was much in error.

Goodness demands the full stretch of a man's powers, the completest development of his natural faculties, but chiefly that he may thereby contribute his best to the common weal.

It is not self-effacement but self-expression with an unselfish motive.

Greatness, on the other hand, depends on the possession and employment of exceptional personal gifts, and on favouring opportunities.

It may or may not be conjoined to high moral qualities.

Napoleon, said W. E. Gladstone, had the most marvellous brain that ever was packed into a human skull: no one would deny him a place among the very greatest of the makers of history, though he was a ruthless egoist.

Gladstone himself was a being of rare and shining genius; but he was also a moral force, which Napoleon was not.

Character is worth more to the world than greatness; we cannot dispense with character.

Great men are like the foaming crests on the waves of the incoming tide: they are not the makers of the mighty forces that throw them into prominence. The common man is the tide itself.

It is goodness—nobility of purpose, loftiness of aim—that is the real lift in the affairs of mankind; there is no permanent advance without it.

No one is worthy to be called good who lives a merely negative life, abstaining from every form of effort that would make himself felt in the world.

The duty of self-formation comes before that of self-giving, and every talent is a trust.

Going to Seed.

Selling dead seeds in packets labelled "tested" is a mean trick calculated to discourage amateur gardeners from doing beneficial work. Thomas Robert Jones, of Abergele Road, Old Colwyn, having had to pay 41s. for doing it, will probably return his old stock to the seedsmen, and get some that will germinate for his customers. If he doesn't he ought to be buried along with the seeds.

An "Infallible" Tipster.

Fredk. Thane, 36, Hutton Street, E.C.4, is so confident of his ability to pick winners that he offers to send 10s. in cash to those who have sent him a similar sum for a winner which proves to be a loser. He stipulates that the money shall be placed on his future selections. We suggest that Thane should send the tip and collect his fee only when he picks a winner. He might even keep his information and so get longer odds for himself.

More Alien Activities.

The man "Gordon" who recently vanished from the Savoy Hotel, taking with him over a thousand pounds' worth of jewels from the wealthy American widow he had "married," is now known to be Sigmund Engel, notorious even in Berlin for the wild prodigality of his life. One of Engel's favourite stunts was to pose as an impressario, able to procure kinema engagements for pretty girls, many of whom have been duped into giving up their life savings. No amount of plain speaking appears to warn these fools.

Almost Incredible.

At Portsman a swindler named Ezra Treed has been remanded on a charge of robbing men at the Naval Barracks. Using the name of the Calcutta Sweepstake as a decoy, Treed induced the men to take tickets for a Goodwood Cup draw. Privately informing each that he had drawn the horse Triumph, Treed then obtained from every man a couple of pounds, pending the handing over of the great prize. Failing the ability of the Admiralty to provide nursemaids for each Jack ashore, it is difficult to see how to protect such simple souls from being robbed.

In the Footsteps of Fagan.

A terrible revelation of method in the making of child criminals is revealed through the capture of Beatrice Norvall, a young girl of Glasgow. Glasgow has been suffering from an epidemic of pocket-picking and bag-snatching, accomplished by young girls of astonishing skill. Norvall, who appears to be the ring-leader, declares she was trained by her father, who recently died, worth hundreds of pounds. His plan was to follow and observe, relieve the girl of any haul, leaving her empty-handed for a further prowl. A clear hint to our police to hunt for Fagan's kitchens.

A Hen-keeper's Cackle.

There is a "poultry expert" called Leonard Smith living at 112, Gillott Road, Birmingham, who has the nerve to charge a shilling for a four-page pamphlet on "Egg Production in the Backyard." Smith wants agents to sell this work of literature, and his confidential advice to them is illuminating. "Your best customers will be those who have not yet started keeping poultry . . . small poultry keepers are very conceited and think they have nothing to learn . . . you will find them very ignorant." But surely not such fools as to pay Smith their shillings after reading this.

Declined Without Thanks.

We have received a communication from C. Lund and Co., of Copenhagen, who run the "Danish Colonial Lottery," a scheme against which we have warned our readers more than once. They ask us to send them directories of the British Dominions, and go on to say that "perhaps it would be right to advertise in your paper, and we beg to remark that we are willing to pay you £10 extra for your trouble." This insolent attempt to take the Bull by the horns and shelter behind our advertisement guarantee is doomed to failure. The directories will remain in England, and the advertisements, together with the £10 bribe, in Denmark.

A Spying Spider

WE have previously exposed the underhand work of the Hun "Spider Club," which is seeking to corrupt our boys and girls (as well as adults) by offering them facilities for obtaining, in the name of "art," some of the filthiest products of the lithographic press.

In doing so we suggested that it was desirable to know something of the human "Spider" behind this sinister propaganda, and this week we are able to reveal his identity.

This monster is Wilhelm Griffen Eltzbacher, and at present he carries on his crusade of vice from different addresses in Germany.

Nearly two years ago Eltzbacher tried to establish himself in Paris, and for four months had an office in sight of the Presidential Palace in the Rue d'Elysée. His activities came under suspicion, he was closely watched, and it was found that he was responsible for the publication of obscene prints designed and printed in Germany for dissemination in Paris as the "Latest French Novelties."

A raid on his office revealed the fact that Eltzbacher was in correspondence with young girls in different parts of the world, including the British Isles, and that he was offering these girls well-paid appointments as studio artists in Berlin.

His success in this direction may be gathered from the fact that when interrogated by the French police, he admitted that most of the girls he had procured for studio work were to be found earning their living on the streets or in the houses of ill-fame of the Continental cities.

He had to admit that he had enticed girls from their homes, and could not deny the evidence brought forward by the French authorities that some of the girls are now living the life referred to.

The Spider was expelled from France, but this action did not bar him from French soil provided he was regarded as a desirable person to enter any country which he must reach through France; and as apparently our own country officials deem him a fit person to enter at our ports, he is allowed by the French authorities to pass and repass.

Eltzbacher, this human Spider seeking human flies, is now making regular visits here, and has been doing so for some time past. In this way he carries on the work of finding recruits for the army of vice, these recruits passing on to the depot in Germany.

Eltzbacher has been identified by the French authorities as one Gastav Bloehm who, before the war, was attached to the German Secret Service Industrial Branch, but as his activities in this role were confined to countries other than France, it has been impossible to deal with him.

But that is all the more reason why our own authorities should deal with him when next he lands here. They must stop his visits to our shores now that we have revealed the truth about his activities.

Graft at the Admiralty

THE "bluff and hearty" lads of the Admiralty are bluffing still and laughing heartily! Down in Whitehall they are playing tricks with taxpayers' money, and murmuring to one another, "It's a way we have in the Navy."

RECENTLY we drew attention to the scandal of the huge increase in the cost of naval administration and to the questionable policy of replacing small-salaried civilians with highly paid naval officers.

Quoting many instances of this practice, our article has aroused widespread indignation, and it is obvious that the taxpayers of the country, engaged as they are in a desperate struggle for existence, are resolved to cut short the money-juggling activities of the Admiralty mandarins.

Further enquiries into the mysterious ways of the Rules of the King's Navee reveals a state of affairs that calls for immediate and drastic action.

A start might well be made in the matter of Admiralty contracts. Down Whitehall way it is openly admitted that the whole business of accepting tenders for contracts is a screaming farce. The method of doing business is now taken for granted, accepted with a shrug of the shoulders as inevitable. They don't talk of these things as scandals; they are routine.

In almost every department of the Admiralty there are men who are "friends" of the firms submitting quotations for contracts—men who are anxious that their "friends" shall get the business, irrespective of competitors' prices! And it is foolish to imagine that these men who strain every nerve to help such firms do so purely for love!

The "sealed tender" is merely a bluff that deceives no one. In a proper business office the sealed tender is a good thing, and a sacred thing; but under the methods of the Naval Service it has lost something of its celestial quality and come down badly to earth.

It is an easy thing for the interested parties to obtain the quotations of rival firms and compare prices.

If the tender of their friends is higher than the others—how easily remedied! Even our most defective telephone system cannot prevent the disclosures of this official information, and the glad tidings are soon conveyed to the friendly firm. Quick as lightning comes in a revised quotation, a quotation just a fraction below the others (a fraction that will relieve the taxpayer not one whit), but small enough to gain the contract.

This kind of thing is going on wholesale in the Admiralty. A worker with a conscience who is staggered by the underhand business gets used to it quickly. He is no use if he doesn't!

And these firms who are so keen to get Navy contracts are playing ducks and drakes with the gold-braided sailors who don't care. There is terrific scope for them in the supplying of armour plating.

These firms actually *create* the Admiralty demand for material and then proceed to supply it. Their representatives are constantly in Whitehall obtaining information by every and any method.

Trembling with excitement, one of these armament firms breaks the news to a delighted Admiralty chief of a new shell-resisting armour. Before you can say Von Tirpitz a huge quantity has been ordered. When a reasonable time has elapsed the same armament crowd make the wonderful discovery of a shell that can pierce this armour plating!

The Navy lads rub their hands and look busy. The daily Press give columns to the shell and feature the blushing inventor. There is only one thing to do: supply the British Navy with these latest armour-piercing shells. It is done.

Again, all very well. But when the same genius comes forward later on with a steel plating that makes the latest shell bounce off it like an unhappy pea, and the Admiralty and the Press ache to get hold of it, it is time that John Taxpayer was considered and the whole game of the supplying firms exposed.

That is what is happening at the present time. The demand for armaments is created by these firms.

There are many other matters at the Admiralty calling for inquiry, and not the least important is the sticking in office of the many limpets engaged temporarily during the war. Ex-Servicemen are suffering to-day through these jacks-in-office, "dressed in a little brief authority," and we know for a fact that many of these people are holding on to their jobs more through the influence of some friend than through any ability of their own.

That the whole department needs overhauling we have clearly shown. And we look for some drastic reform in the immediate future.

Monkey Tales in the Mails

THE coming conference of international police chiefs at Geneva, to hammer out a scheme for dealing with thieves and other offenders who flit from one capital to another, is a step which has long been advocated by us.

Take, for example, the rascal Jacinto Gandia. For many years this impudent rogue has been robbing simple-minded people in England. His method is so crude that it is almost incredible that he should be able to impose upon anybody.

He writes now from a place called Fonda Comercia, Almansa, Spain, to people whose names he picks out of a directory or a newspaper. In his letter he tells them that he has had the misfortune to be cast into jail for misdemeanour. He declares that he is innocent, and that if he could only get possession of his luggage he could thereby lay his hands upon valuable securities worth many thousands of pounds. He invites people to send him small sums of money so that he may get his luggage out of pawn, and he promises in return to send them a considerable present. Jacinto makes quite a good thing out of it.

There is another rascal who preys upon the simple-minded British from South Africa. This canting humbug is called K. B. Afful of Arabo, Korsimali, Obuassie. He collects names and addresses from English newspapers and magazines, and writes letters to these addresses, describing himself as a boy scout and badly wants warm clothes. As a matter of fact he is a fully grown man. He invites you to send him a nice white or green sweater and a notebook. And, if you do so, he promises to supply you with a quantity of gold feathers and monkey skins which he says are plentiful in his country but rare in England. He sells the sweater and does not send the gold feathers or the monkey skins.

There are many others, amongst them a notorious begging letter writer named Fritz Eichholz, of 8a, Maffei Strasse, Munich. This man writes pathetic letters telling all sorts of lying stories of the agonies of poverty and privation to which he has been reduced. He is a persistent swindler.

If you do not reply to him, he sends you follow-up letters, evidently prepared on a complete commercial system. One of these letters goes so far as to say that Fritz has not yet received your cheque, which must therefore have been lost in the post.

Then there is the simple-minded coloured man who lives in Half Asinie who cadges samples of all sorts of things from English firms. He is a professional sample hunter, and imposes upon firms which one would think really ought to know better.

A Mr. Stanton writes to widows whose names he gets in obituary columns, telling them that their deceased husbands have a share in a gold mine with him, which has suddenly become very valuable, gold being found in great quantities. He invites the grief-stricken widow to send a hundred pounds as a guarantee of good faith, in return for which he will send on a regular supply of gold bricks, the share of the deceased in the profit.

That such nonsense should be believed is amazing. Mr. Stanton merely finds it amusing. The international police conference will do a real service if it clears up some of these impudent and incorrigible rogues.

Rawson's Prayer Shop

A Professional Exponent of Prayer, a Mr. F. L. Rawson, is doing very well in his strange trade. We give some idea of the nonsense that he talks.

MR. F. L. RAWSON, the money-making prayer-monger, is in full swing again. He has opened palatial offices in Marble Arch, and lectures on prayer to hundreds of people, who pay their entrance fee and are told the secrets of right thinking.

During the War, Rawson had a very busy time. He used to pray for soldiers in the field, whose relatives sent a fee on to him, and he says that all those he prayed for, except one, came through safely.

If only he had prayed for everybody, nobody would have been killed in the Great War. That would have been a very valuable example of Right Thinking. Unfortunately he prayed only when paid, which may be Right Thinking, and is certainly right good business—for Rawson.

He proposes now to supply a series of seven lectures, which will be sent by post to enthusiasts for Right Thinking, if they send him five guineas. That is his charge. He is quite firm about it.

We think the world ought to be told a little about this right thinking business. You can learn something about it in a magazine called "Active Service." It is one of the many Rawson publications.

For example, a correspondent writes to "Active Service" to show the advantages of right thinking in a motor accident.

"I saw a girl knocked off her bicycle and fall within a few inches in front of a motor-car. It seemed the car must go over her. A few hurried thoughts: 'No accidents, man is spiritual; no danger, man cannot be hurt.' The girl was not touched, and only fainted with fright. As Mr. Rawson says: 'Man's possibilities, resting on scientific mental foundations, are limitless.'"

You see how easy it is. All you have to do is to Think Rightly, and then you can fall in front of a motor-car, or a train—if you prefer—and nothing can happen. Rawson puts on the brake.

Let us tell another little incident, in this Right Thinking business. It is taken from a letter by a Rawsonite to the same magazine.

"I would like to tell about ten shillings I got a few weeks ago. My youngest sister came to see me. We had not met for two years. She was 'badly put to it' as she termed it, her husband being a coal-dealer. I had nothing seemingly to spare, but I gave her a costume, hat and blouse, and ten shillings out of my coal money, which I expected the man might call for at any time. I kept it in a pot in my bookcase. Now I had a £1 note, the ten shilling note and a few shillings in the pot. When she had gone I felt as if I ought not to have given my coal money away, for I had already used some of the load of coal. I wept about it and I felt so depressed, yet somehow I felt I had done right.

"A few days after I went to the pot for the money, and found a £1 note and two ten-shilling notes, and still the few shillings. I could not have put it there. I had no money to put there, for I, too, had had rather bad times lately."

Simple-minded people like this, who get depressed and weep when they give away ten shillings, and conjure up treasury notes by Right Thinking, give one an idea of the kind of people Rawson trades on.

You must not suppose that Right Thinking is only a dodge to interfere with murderous habits of motorists, or a mere trick for conjuring ten shillings notes out of the illimitable and into a pot in the bookcase. It can be used for ever so many more things than that. It is specially adaptable to plumbing, as another extract shows. A plumber was in difficulties about his job because a tube would not fit. So he sat down and meditated, as plumbers sometimes do. But this was no ordinary plumber. He had been Rawsonised. He did some hard Right Thinking. When he got up again the tubes which would not fit before "went together without any guidance. The stiff tube was quite soft," and it moved into its place of its own accord.

There are many people not very good at doing things about the house. Here they can see the advantage of Rawsonism—"and we can hardly allude to it because of its wonder."

Why worry about income-tax or sickness or accidents? There are no troubles if one can only trouble Rawson to accept five guineas.

The law cannot touch him. That is, from his point of view, the fun of Right Thinking.

A Real Spanish Prisoner

IT is pleasant to think that Britons who have wandered far from the place of their birth are under the protecting influence of a Consul on some foreign strand. Pleasant to think that no matter with what difficulties they are struggling, the man who sits in an office under the Union Jack will see them through.

Thoughts like these are shattered, however, when the rough, adventurous tale of Albert Henry Garrett is told.

Garrett, who is now living at 61, Clyde Road, Silvertown, E., was infected with the wander bug. In June, 1921, the Great Unknown sent out its call, and Garrett was filled with a desire to work in the mines of South America.

At Port Talbot in Wales he was lucky enough to find a vessel setting out for Chile, and landed at Antofagasta after a three months' voyage.

Here, wandering round in quest of a job, he met a fellow Briton in James Brady, who suggested that Garrett should become his assistant at the Sailors' Home.

To this the wanderer agreed, and soon he was perfectly happy and contented in his new billet. For two months life was placid and easy. And then things happened.

In December Brady had occasion to go up to Mejillones to ship some sailors to various vessels, and he departed leaving Garrett in charge of the place. As there was little business being done Garrett decided to spend the day exploring the town. When he returned in the evening his steps were a trifle unsteady.

In his absence a grim drama had been enacted in the Sailors' Home. A skipper had wanted to sign on some hands, and they, anxious to get away from the place without paying their board, had endeavoured to secure their belongings and make off.

Mrs. Irene Brady, the only responsible person in the house, had remonstrated with them. A struggle had followed, the resolute woman holding on desperately. The fight resolved itself finally between her and an English sailor. In the end she had gone down and, falling on a broken bottle, bled furiously.

It takes an hour and more to get a doctor in these parts. Mrs. Brady called up the police, gave a description of the Englishman, and collapsed, lying at death's door for two months.

Garrett, returning home, was arrested as the attempted murderer! He knew nothing of what had happened and nobody could tell him, his charge being read to him in Spanish! Despite his protests that he could not understand a word, he was sent off under armed guard to a huge prison five miles out of the town.

In vain did he protest. No notice was taken of him. Finally he wrote a letter of appeal to the British Consul. It was never answered. He wrote again. In all he wrote four times. Never a word of reply came back.

Albert Garrett lay in prison for two months! Mrs. Brady was too ill to identify the prisoner.

At long last the trial took place. Mrs. Brady gave only one look at the prisoner and exclaimed, "He is not the man!"

Garrett was of course released. But it might have been otherwise. What if Mrs. Brady had died? What happened to the letters he sent out to the British Consul?

Why were they never answered? The story, related here exactly as told to us by the man himself, calls for the strictest inquiry.

Mystery of Missing Girls

WHAT are the police doing about the dozens of cases of missing girls till numbered among the unsolved mysteries?

Perhaps the most glaring instance of all is that of Miss Gladys Price. This pretty and talented young lady vanished from her home in Woodford eighteen months ago and has never been found—dead or alive.

Can it be that Scotland Yard does not treat this matter seriously? In the case of Gladys Price there is much that should narrow the mystery-area: she was not a flighty flapper-like girl; she had a minimum of interests; she had no known worries; she was intelligent and cultured. And yet eighteen months have passed without even the faintest clue.

Then there is the case of Mamie Stuart who disappeared as long ago as Christmas Eve, 1919. The facts are clearer and the clues more plentiful, yet the result is the same. She was even traced to a house in Swansea, but allowed to slip through the fingers of the police.

Mamie Stuart had been "married" to a Mr. Shotton, who is now undergoing a sentence for bigamy, and her parents even received postcards from her to the effect that she was "living in a large house miles away from anywhere." As, however, she had been staying at a Swansea hotel, the police had no difficulty in discovering the house referred to—but by then she had flown again.

The police stand baffled. Limbs and trunk of a terribly mutilated body have since been recovered from the sea near Swansea, but owing to their condition, medical experts cannot say whether they are those of Mamie Stuart or not.

Another unsolved mystery. Over six months ago, in the dead of winter, Nurse Thyra Pound left the great Ormond Children's Hospital and has never been seen since.

A similar case comes from Cornwall. Miss Mollie Ombler, a pretty and vivacious typist, was spending her holidays at Newquay a year ago. One day she walked out of the house in which she was lodging and has never been seen or heard of again.

There are many other such cases—Scotland Yard itself states that about 4,000 people are reported missing every year. Of that number barely one per cent. are discovered by the police. In most cases the missing one is a girl and the general opinion is that they fall into the hands of White Slave Traders.

While the authorities are thinking that runaway girls are too "small fry" for the attention of the C.I.D., the odious wretches who are in charge of the European section of the White Slave Trade are smuggling British girls out of the country.

For the police to allow themselves to be baffled by the mystery of thousands of missing girls is a national scandal, and reflects gravely on the system that obtains at Scotland Yard.

A Man of "Promise"

A TRADER'S Commercial Service might conceivably be a very good thing, but not as run by a gentleman called G.J.Hudson, of 89, Median Road, Clapton, E.

Mr. Hudson recently advertised in the *Daily Telegraph*, suggesting that he could put money into a suitable business. A reader of JOHN BULL, Mr. R. W. Halley, of 39, Sebert Road, E. 7, replied, and had disconcerting experience of Mr. Hudson's methods.

Mr. Hudson wrote to him on impressive-looking notepaper, dating his letter from 10-11, Jermyn Street, Haymarket, S.W.

This is the address of the Commercial Appointments Bureau, and Hudson's connection with that concern lasted only about a fortnight. He used the place as an accommodation address, receiving his letters.

He has obviously his own ideas about accommodation, for he neglected the ceremony of paying rent for the offices he used. His rent for the fortnight is still unpaid.

In any case, Mr. Hudson informed Mr. Halley that he had a client desirous of taking a financial interest in a genuine business (sleeping) and asking if Mr. Halley would pay him 2½ per cent. on any capital introduced, plus expenses—about four pounds.

As the four pounds were not forthcoming, Mr. Hudson gave another illustration of accommodation. He asked for one pound, towards expenses, to be refunded if the matter should not be completed on account of his client.

He got the pound. His client did not invest the money. Mr. Halley therefore asked for his pound back. He has not got it.

But he got a badly composed letter, "As we are giving up these premises, will you please in future address us to 89, Median Road, Clapton."

We do not think this type of correspondence augurs well for the Trader's Commercial Service. Nor do we think that people who take fees, undertake to return them and fail to do so are any ornament to either Trade or Commerce.

We, therefore, advise our readers to let Mr. Hudson severely alone, in spite of his assertion that his clients who are willing to invest money only require reasonable interest and not one that would financially drain the business invested in.

It is well to be reasonable and accommodating: it is better to keep one's promises, not other people's money.

Fortunes in Tea Cups

IT is difficult to drill into the minds of many readers, no matter what their state of education, that circulars emanating from firms with high-sounding titles should, if unknown, be accepted with a grain of salt, if not with a cellarfull.

Within the past few days we have received enquiries concerning the Standard Investment Company, of Red Lion House, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, E.C.4. The principal of this enterprising bucket shop is a gentleman named A. Barnett. He is circularising the Midlands and the North with a view to inducing the uninitiated to invest in what he designates Call Options.

A little while ago his recommendation, contained first in telegrams, and then in typewritten letters, was to purchase Options in certain Home Railway Stocks. One of our readers accepted the specious advice of Mr. Barnett and within a week or two lost over £100.

The Standard Investment Company is now circulating similar expert advice by means of His Majesty's Post Office and Telegraphs, recommending Call Options in Tea shares.

We have nothing to say against tea shares in general, the market in which has lately been strong.

Not many weeks ago we pointed out the danger of indulging in a fancy for these so-called Options. Options, as understood by the London, or any other reputable, Stock Exchange, are a scientific and intricate form of operation. As conducted by the Standard Investment Company and other agencies of the same nature they are purely betting. The client bets that a particular share will rise, while the option dealer, so-called, bets that it will fall.

The position of the client is therefore that of a man who backs a horse, while the position of the option dealer is that of a man who bets that it will not win, and all the time the backer is accepting the advice of the bookmaker as to which horse or horses he should back!

Amongst other concerns working the same game is E. Bradley and Co., Ltd., 51, Dorset Street, Portman Square, W.1., who are recommending 30-day calls on Mexican Eagles. These shares have lately been rising after a heavy slump. We recommend believers in them to buy a few on the Stock Exchange and avoid this mis-named option dealing.

Our readers should communicate with us before, and not after, dealing with these firms. It is usually easy to advise against undesirable investments, but it is never easy to get back money which has once been lost.

A Martyred Girl

IS it altogether hopeless to appeal to Sir William Joynson-Hicks to do the right thing in a case of terrible hardship, having already publicly pledged himself to do so?

We refer to the case of Daisy Murray, of the Hut, Hog Hill, Ickleham, Surrey. Daisy is living there, or, we are sadly afraid, dying there—while she can get no answer to her appeal for justice.

During the war she worked seventeen hours a day on munitions, Saturdays and Sundays included.

She was not given masks to cover her face, or gloves to protect her hands. The inevitable happened. The powder dust got into her lungs, she broke down, and is now a complete wreck—wrecked by T.N.T. poisoning.

The Home Office, the War Office, the Ministry of Health, vie with each other in repudiating responsibility.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks said in Parliament that if it can be proved that the girl is suffering from poisoning, or anything of the kind sustained in the Government service, he will reconsider the case.

Why does he not do so? She has been examined by no fewer than nine doctors, who certify that she is quite unable to work.

What further evidence can Sir William Joynson-Hicks require? And the girl—a real war heroine—is dying. Is this British justice? Is it common decency? Is it humanity?

Gold Mines or Gold Bricks?

IT isn't often one has an opportunity of making a fortune for a few pounds, but this is the glorious prospect presented by the Maisonville Mining Company, Ltd.

"Maisonville," we are informed in a letter from Mr. C. W. Dickinson, of 32, Lower Belgrave Street, S.W., "is situated in the heart of the Ontario gold mining district, and in close proximity to well-known producing mines. Amongst these are included the Hollinger."

This information is interesting in view of the fact that Mr. Dickinson also states that "£70 originally invested in the Hollinger mine is worth roughly £12,000 to-day."

We have glanced at the map which generous Mr. Dickinson has included in his prospectus. While this shows that Maisonville is situated in what he terms the "Circle of Canada's Mineral Wealth," there is, unfortunately a very large tract of apparently barren ground separating the famous Hollinger group from the Maisonville properties.

Anybody with practical experience of mining knows that if gold is found in one spot it does not follow that the country in the immediate vicinity is equally rich. Hundreds of pioneer prospectors have learnt this to their sorrow.

Is there anything to justify the extravagant hopes which Mr. Dickinson holds out to investors? Or any reason to suppose the Maisonville property which he desires to sell should be rich in gold? The mining experts, striving to do their best for Mr. Dickinson, are painfully guarded in their statements. The "offer for sale" contains extracts from the reports on some half-a-dozen claims which have been examined, and anybody who reads these and still feels that his seventy quid is likely to be turned into twelve thousand is a born optimist.

And what of the other claims on the Maisonville properties which are not mentioned in the particulars? Are there any indications whatever that these are likely to produce gold in the near future? If the half dozen claims which have been examined and reported upon are the best the Maisonville people can do in the way of shop window goods, then we are afraid the shareholders are not likely to be rolling in wealth yet awhile.

It appears that some of the claims on the Maisonville property have already been thoroughly prospected, presumably before the Maisonville Mining Co. bought up the lot. Why were these claims parted with, and what did the present owners pay for them? Six hundred and sixty acres in the heart of Canada's Circle of Wealth ought to cost a lot of money, and yet shareholders are offered the whole issue for 100,000 half crowns!

We hesitate about taking Mr. Dickinson's advice, and "getting in on the ground floor in order to secure handsome profits from these mining investments."

Canada has got the gold, we know, but has the Maisonville Mining Company? We advise intending shareholders to wait for a little more proof before investing.

Winners Who Lose

MR. GEORGE CLARK, of 289, Regent Street, is probably quite indifferent to criticism in the Press. He simply ignores it, and goes on taking money for bets from the unwary, rewarding them by not paying when they win.

A reader of JOHN BULL recently had a typical example of Clark's methods. He had a bet on Epinard at twenty to one, by which he won £13 6s. 8d.

He was naturally pleased. That is only human nature. He knows more about human nature now. He has not got his money.

He got a nice letter of confirmation of the bet, which he was told had been booked in accordance with the price-list.

That was very interesting. But he wants more than confirmation. The horse won and he has the temerity to expect to be paid. But his money does not come.

In vain he wrote Mr. Geo. Clark, at 289, Regent Street. In vain he telegraphed. In vain he telephoned. He can get no reply.

He threatened to report this uncommunicative bookmaker to Tattersalls, and even to the police. Even that did not persuade Clark to vouchsafe the courtesy of a reply.

He asks what steps we would advise him to take. There is only one step to take with Mr. Clark—to let him severely alone.

If people will persist in betting with a man of this character, it is difficult to know how to protect them.

HAS CHRIST FAILED?

by Sir HALL CAINE, C.H.

SIR HALL CAINE has been a life-long lover of Italy. At the time of the war in Tripoli he received for one of his articles (in the "Daily Telegraph") a personal telegram of thanks from King Victor Emmanuel—therefore he writes as a friend.

Since the following article was written, the Ambassadors' Conference has adjudicated between Italy and Greece. Everybody hopes peace may be maintained. But the argument of this article remains both now and for the future. The ultimate issue has been between the will of the nations, solemnly attested, and the will of one man. If any man successfully repudiates the Covenant of the Nations on a moral question of honour he destroys its authority, and Europe reverts to its condition before the war. What then? Against the danger of further warfare, what security has Britain? And, above all, where stands Christianity?

"PUT up again thy sword into its place: for they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.

"Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to my Father, and He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels?"

These words were spoken nearly two thousand years ago. They were the climax to a scene of deception as foul of treachery as deep and of injustice as flagrant as the world has ever witnessed. They ring down the centuries as the last word in the denunciation of physical force as a remedy for wrong. They are the triumphant and undying assertion of the principle that the moral law alone can wipe out injustice and establish honour.

Two thousand years ago! Yet what have we seen during the last few days? We have seen the Prime Minister of a Christian country, from the city which claims to be the cradle of the Christian Church, under the eyes of him who is hailed by devout and immeasurable multitudes as the Vicar of Christ himself, sending out his sword to avenge an undoubted wrong and loudly protesting that no other Power on earth shall be allowed to protect his country's honour.

Has Christ lived in vain? Has He failed? Has the world found out that He is impossible—that the principles on which He lived his life and went to His death are dangerous to the life of man and fatal to the life of nations? If so what is our religion but an organised hypocrisy? And what honest course is before our churches but to burn down their altars and close their doors?

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI is said to be resenting the criticism of British journalists. I have been a British journalist for fifty years, and for as long as that I have known and loved Italy. Italians as old as myself would be less than grateful if they were to forget that at more than one moment of bitter suffering from national misrepresentation I have interpreted the soul of Italy to my own country. Therefore as a friend of Italy, who has tried to prove his friendship, I claim the right to tell Mussolini that when he speaks of vindicating the honour of his country by force of arms he is thinking the thought and talking the language not of a christian statesman but of a pagan.

WAR and national honour have in themselves nothing to do with each other. That is the central doctrine of the League of Nations—the rock on which it is built. When, at the end of the late war the world (with its wounds still unhealed, with its losses in precious human lives still tearing at its heart, with the blood that had been shed on the battle-fields still wet on its soldiers' swords) was soul-sick of warfare and crying out for a peace that should endure, its sole hope was to set up a new thing—a Court of Honour for the settlement of international disputes. That is what the League of Nations is, or if it is not that it is nothing. And for Italy to repudiate it, to withdraw from it, after setting her seal to it, to deny its right of judgment on any issue of war or peace, to play the part of the recalcitrant nation with respect to it, would be an act of dishonour, an ineffaceable stain on her hitherto unsullied escutcheon, a return to the barbaric principle of war against the Christian principle of Justice.

WHAT is the theory of war in relation to national honour? That two nations, having a cause of quarrel, agree, in the heat of passion, to submit the settlement of their dispute to the issue of physical force. Does the nation which wins in war establish by its victory the honour it fought for? By no means. It establishes no more than the superior power of its forces. Does the nation that loses in war prove by its failure the falseness of its claim to honour? Indeed no. It proves nothing but its inability to hold on to its struggle. Honour has nothing to do with the issue.

Surely there never was anything more frankly pagan than the principle of war. It excludes the idea of a God who governs the world in honour and justice, and leaves the destiny of the nations in the control of a great unmoral monster who must always be on the side of the big battalions, the big money bags, and the latest and deadliest developments of the blunderbuss.

WHEN Christianity came into the world what did it do? It met the pagan theory of war by an assertion of the moral law. Where paganism had promulgated the doctrine of physical force Christianity upheld the doctrine of non-resistance. Where paganism had proclaimed the virtue of power Christianity upheld the virtue of weakness. And Christianity claimed to do all this, not merely as a pious aspiration, a counsel of perfection, but as a practical and abiding law of life.

To see Christianity in its relation to the State, and above all in relation to honour, let us look at the life of its Founder. He was born a Jew when his country, suffering unutterable humiliation, and looking for its deliverer, was under the heel of the Roman Empire. But though, in the darkest hour of His earthly existence, He believed He could have called down legions of angels, He did

Sir Hall Caine, C.H.

not attempt to resist the rule of the aggressor. He submitted to violence in His own person, and forbade His followers to draw the sword in His defence. He said, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Above all he said, "Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth': But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on the right cheek, turn to him the other also." He allowed himself to be led to dishonouring death and stood silent when one word from Him would have silenced His accusers.

Can any life or teaching be more opposed to the principle of war? Can any doctrine be a stronger rebuke to the morality on which civilised nations are governed? What is the key to the dark riddle that for thousands of years Christian civilisation has sought the arbitration of a pagan deity that takes no account of the moral law which Christ propounded?

The first explanation is that the world in general (and sometimes the Church in particular) does not believe that Christ really means what He says. His words, we are told, would put an end to the progress of civilisation; they would put a stop to national life. Are we, as nations, to allow any vindictive horde that so wills to overrule us, to murder our subjects, to trample on our honour? Are we, as men, to stand by without an effort to interfere, while a brute in the street kicks a helpless woman to death? Are magistrates not to inflict punishment? Are judges not to condemn criminals? Are hangmen not to execute death sentences? Are there to be no police-courts, no prisoners, no courts of law? A literal reading of Christ's words would paralyse the life of the world; it would reduce it to chaos; it would recall the oppressed and down-trodden classes from the struggle for existence, from the improvement of their hard lot, and tell them to submit to any wrong.

Such is the world's answer (and too often the Church's answer) to Christ. Is it sufficient? If so, Christianity is a useless impediment to the progress of the world and it will have to be swept away. But no, it is not sufficient. It is shallow and it is illogical. It barely touches the fringe of the sublime fact that in His own person, in sufferings no other man has known, amid humiliation and dishonour no nation has gone through, He proved His words by His life, and that now, two thousand years after His death, to remove His name from human history would be to shake the world to its foundations.

FALTERINGLY, and as with bleeding feet, we, His eternal children, have toiled after Him, through centuries of selfishness, hypocrisy, tyranny and the lust of power. These were at their height at the beginning of the late war, and when it came to an end, amid so much sorrow and loss to victor and vanquished alike, and we looked around for something that had come out of it to comfort our torn hearts, we found one thing only—a solemn Covenant between the nations which was henceforth to preside over the destiny of the world, and to see that, as long as the moral law lasted, war should be no more. It was all we had for all we had gone through. Born in blood, cradled in suffering, nursed in ceaseless tears, imperfect, incomplete, it was yet the child of our travail and stood up like a pillar of light in the midst of a wasted world.

AND now one nation, nay, one man, in his blind anger at an outrage which nobody could fail to condemn, threatens to pull down what the spirit of humanity has raised after ages of fruitless toil. If it falls it may never be set up again. The divine hour of mingled hope and agony which created it may never return. Therefore, if the Covenant of the League fails now, it will not only be an injury to the peace of nations, it will be a blow to the soul of man.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. Sir MONTAGUE BARLOW, K.B.E., LL.D., M.P., Minister of Labour.

SIR,—The number of persons unemployed is increasing at the alarming rate of nearly 5,000 a week, and still nothing tangible is being done to meet the situation. Can nothing stir the bureaucratic mind to energy and action? Schemes for relief work have been suggested by local authorities in response to the appeal of the Government, but in many cases all the satisfaction given is that these proposals are "under consideration." When are you going to give decisions upon them? Surely your colossal staff is big enough for the purpose. The danger is growing day by day, and unless you get a big move on at once it will be too late.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir ERNEST E. WILD, K.C., Recorder of London.

SIR,—Where humanity is involved you are one of our best judges, as you have again shown in the case of Ethel Gladwin. When she was only sixteen this poor girl married a brute who never lived with her or supported her. A year later she made a bigamous marriage with another man and then Gladwin, moved by despicable spite, gave her away to the police. Instead of registering a conviction, even with a nominal sentence which would have meant immediate release, you told the girl that she would leave the Court without a stain on her character, while Gladwin would leave it with every man's contempt. Well done!—JOHN BULL.

To Mr. J. B. WILLIAMS, President, Trades Union Congress.

SIR,—In your highly important position, can't you find anything better to do than whine out the old song of Capital versus Labour? The desire of the capitalists to crush labour, you say, is to-day greater than ever. Moss-grown nonsense of this sort in face of modern conditions makes me tired. Even if there were the will to crush, the power, thanks to the advance made by Labour, is utterly lacking. The vital necessity of to-day is co-operation. Every thoughtful and responsible man in the Labour movement appreciates this, and it is a thousand pities that instead of one of these statesmanlike leaders, the Congress has for its President in this critical year a member of the Musicians' Union with no higher idea of harmony than to beat the big drum. JOHN BULL.

To ALDERMAN SLINN. Northampton.

SIR,—Your statement that a man in Northampton has made £30,000 buying houses, getting the tenants out and then selling with vacant possession, is a drastic indictment of profiteers. It is scandalous that this sort of thing should be permitted, and there is only one way to stop it. Turn on the light of publicity. Let us know the name of this high-minded, high-handed profiteer. Tell us who he is so that we may tell him what we think of him. We should so much like to.

JOHN BULL.

THE SHAM NAPOLEON

MUSSOLINI: "Leave him to me, he's smaller than I am."

To Mr. F. H. WHITTEN, of New York, London.

SIR,—It is very good of you, a member of the American Uplift movement, to spend part of your holiday here telling us how far London is behind New York in dealing with its night life problem. You say that the boys of the New York police would love to come and clear it up, and that it would not take them long. This strikes me as particularly funny. When I was in Little Old New York a few months ago I was amazed to find that these same police were the chief accomplices of the city bootleggers! All the same, your hint ought not to be lost on Sir William Horwood. With his great organisation at Scotland Yard and his great resources, he ought to be able to clear up the night clubs here without troubling the boys of the New York police. JOHN BULL.

To the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G., President, Overseas Settlement Committee.

MY LORD DUKE,—Hundreds of families which have emigrated to Australia under the auspices of your Committee are finding that, instead of realising the rosy prospects held out to them, they are infinitely worse off than they were before. The distress is heartbreaking. Many of the people are penniless, and unemployment is proportionately as prevalent as it is over here. Yet, in spite of protests, our countrymen are still being encouraged to go out. What does your Committee mean by it? Are they being humbugged by false information or are their victims being pushed out to relieve the Government of the perils of the Labour situation at home? JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. R. C. GRIFFITH, Norwich.

REV. SIR,—You are surprised at the sensation caused by your statement that "we have seen cancer disappear in twenty minutes." Now you tell us that "we" is not "you" and that your statement was based on hearsay evidence. Kindly remember, when next you are asked to preach at Westminster Cathedral, that sensational hearsay statements of this kind are very objectionable. They raise false hopes in the sick and suffering—a cruel as well as a thoughtless thing to do. Miracles that have thus to be explained away are bad business—from either the medical or the theological point of view. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. T. J. GOODCHILD, Secretary, Master Dairymen's Association.

SIR,—Your calm assertion that the price of milk to the consumer this winter is to remain practically unchanged at 2s. 8d. per gallon strikes me as preposterous. Even if there were no improvement in conditions of production and transport and no consequent reduction in the farmers' charge, the retail price you quote would mean a shilling a gallon for distribution alone, or about 60 per cent. of cost. In a vital article of food this is nothing short of extortion. The public is thoroughly warmed up on the subject of profiteering and is not in the mood to stand any more nonsense.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. RAYMOND KEMP, Secretary, New Excelsior Friendly Society, Borough, S.E.

SIR,—Your so-called "Friendly" Society has an income of over £1,600 of which no less than £1,294, or eighty per cent., has gone in "management expenses." In other societies of the kind the management costs only eleven per cent., and your trustees must, therefore, give an immediate explanation and a detailed account of their expenditure. At present it looks as though a large number of poor people are being ruthlessly victimised, and that the "friendliness" of the New Excelsior Society begins and ends in the committee room. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour.

DOWN WITH DICTATORS!

Bubble and Squeak

THERE has been a terrible outburst of "hot air" at Plymouth. Its occasion was the Annual Trades Union Congress, which we sometimes hear described as the Parliament of Labour.

In vain we have searched the reports of the Congress for the least trace of constructive statesmanship, for the slightest evidence of that oft-alleged "fitness to govern" in which the leaders of organised Labour would have us believe.

Recrimination there has been in abundance, declamation in plenty, abuse in torrents, but of the genuine spade-work of practical politics scarcely a hand's turn. It is a sad pity.

The great cause of Labour is ill-served of its pastors and masters. The average working man, whether with hand or brain, as the phrase goes, must surely feel that there is something sadly wrong with a system that allows a handful of noisy windbags to speak in the name of the great Trade Unions.

In these organisations are included the vast bulk of the working population, very few of whom have been bitten by the mad theories of Moscow.

Yet at Plymouth from day to day scarcely anything has been heard but the language of hate and class warfare. The barren gospel of strife which if carried out in the field of industry could have no other result than to destroy the fabric of British trade and reduce us all, employers and workmen alike, to one common level of beggary.

The goal of such a policy would be the utter destruction of wealth; equality, perhaps, but the equality of destruction. It is time the level-headed Trade Unionist demanded something better of his leader than this stale bubble and squeak.

Does Flogging Deter?

IN general we are not enamoured of flogging as a punishment for crime. In one direction, however, we hold that its use is justified; it is the appropriate punishment for crimes of brutal violence.

Flogging is justified in these cases because at all costs such savage crimes must be prevented, and it is proved beyond question that physical correction is the sole effective deterrent.

The Garrotters Act of the last century, authorising the employment of the "cat" in cases of robbery with violence, practically extinguished this odious crime in districts where the judges thought fit to apply it with severity; and now at the Old Bailey, where the Recorder has not hesitated to order the lash in similar cases, we find that the effect has been no less salutary, not a single case of violent robbery being down for trial at the September Session.

There can be no question, therefore, that flogging is an effective deterrent; while it is equally incontestable that crimes inflicting pain or outrage upon the victim are justly visited with physical retribution.

Another class of crime to which this effective punishment might properly be applied are those frequent outrages upon children, which cause a shudder in every decent mind. In these cases imprisonment, it has been proved, has practically no deterrent effect. The "cat" is the cure.

WE are at one with Sir Hall Caine, who deals with the Mussolini action from the moral standpoint, in our admiration for the Italian people. We have no quarrel with them, nor has Mr. A. G. Gardiner, whose views appear elsewhere.

IN moments of crisis when statesmanship has failed, infatuated persons are apt to exclaim "Oh, for a Dictator." In the hour of her communist peril Italy found a "strong man," and without thinking about the ultimate consequences, armed him with absolute power.

Since then Signor Mussolini has been posturing before the world in the garb of a dictator, winning the rapturous applause of his short-sighted countrymen; until at last he has come to regard himself as a twentieth-century Napoleon at whose Imperial nod lesser mortals are to prostrate themselves in humble self-abasement.

Soon, it is said, the ex-blacksmith who has become Prime Minister of Italy is to be created Duke of Rome, but this prospect does not satisfy his vaulting ambition. Not Italy alone, but the world at large must acknowledge his sway. Therefore Signor Mussolini snaps his fingers at the League of Nations, and having seized the Island of Corfu in flat opposition to every principle of international law, challenges the statesmen of Europe to do their worst.

WE hold no brief for the Greek Government. The murder of the Italian representatives on the Albanian Frontier Commission was a wicked outrage which excited the just anger of the civilised world. But the word murder may be used with equal justice to describe the killing of innocent refugees on the Island of Corfu. What in the name of humanity had these poor creatures done that they should have been blown to pieces by the guns of the Italian fleet?

It is no use mincing words. The seizure of Corfu was theft, and its tragic accompaniment was murder. It may be, as a sapient writer in a London evening newspaper states with tiresome iteration, that "It does not matter to us who has Corfu," but it does matter to us, and, indeed, to the whole world that a crime like this should have been committed at the centre of Europe. It is a pity we have not a Campbell-Bannerman to protest against such "methods of barbarism." There will be no peace in Europe, no safety for democracy, while we let Dictators play with cannon. The responsibility for the murder of the Italian Mission is undetermined; it may have been inspired by the Greek Government, but of this there is no proof.

But Greece is weak and Italy is strong. If the soil of Italy had been violated by one of the greater powers, Signor Mussolini, we may be sure, would have been only too glad to invoke the aid of the League of Nations. Instead he seizes Corfu, and repays murder with murder. It is not even lynch law, which after all, is a blind sort of justice. It is robbery with violence and cold-blooded homicide.

THE League of Nations in rather weak-kneed fashion shirked the responsibility of handling the matter. It fell to the Council of Ambassadors to determine the question of the reparations to be made by Greece. Their decision is more or less in agreement with the terms imposed by Mussolini himself.

Thus the Italian dictator scores a triumph which may add fatal fuel to his already fiery tendencies. There is no knowing what he may do next.

The compensating glory of the Great War with all its agony and loss was that it dethroned a would-be Dictator, hurled despotism to the dust, and smashed the mailed fist. But there is no moral distinction between the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, which plunged Europe into war, and Signor Mussolini's wanton seizure of Corfu.

The path trodden by the Italian dictator leads straight back to the jungle. The murder of the Italian Mission is a crime calling for stern punishment. That punishment, after having been determined in civilised fashion, must be meted out in such, else crime will breed crime for ever and there will be no hope for the world.

An Imperial Task

IN a week or two the Imperial Economic Conference meets in London. Foremost among the topics to be considered by the Prime Ministers of the Dominions in consultation with our own Government is that of emigration, and upon this vexed question a little plain speaking in advance may do no harm.

At present, emigration arrangements within the Empire are at sixes and sevens; in too many cases the path of the emigrant is strewn with disappointment, culminating in destitution and despair.

What is required in place of the present haphazard system is an organised scheme of emigration, bearing the seal of Dominion approval, and shaped to the respective needs of the various parties concerned.

If Canada or Australia do not want emigrants from Great Britain let them frankly say so; as long as we know no hearts will be broken. The heart-breaking experience is for men and women to leave these shores for the Dominions, often with official encouragement, only to find on arrival overseas that their labour is a drug in an already overstocked market, and that their room is preferred to their company.

It is bad enough for emigrants to have to put up with what may be called "Ellis Island" treatment in America; far worse when such inhospitality awaits them on British soil. The evil is a real one, and we look to the Imperial Conference to grapple with it in a spirit of practical good will.

The problem is twofold; to people the vacant spaces of the Dominions with suitable emigrants and to relieve the economic pressure in these islands. In this dual necessity the Imperial Conference may find a task worthy of its powers.

Superstition

THE roots of superstition are deep down in history. "Touch wood," we say, as we indulge some idle boast, seldom pausing to think of the ancient Druids and their sacred oak, to touch which was to bespeak immunity from unknown ills.

Few of us are wholly immune from the spell. It is not nice to spill the salt, to break a mirror, or to find oneself the thirteenth guest at the feast. The charlatan, of course, trades on our superstition as on every human weakness. It may be the gipsy woman at the village fair or the presiding matron at the Bond Street studio.

We pay our money and hear our fate, not quite believing, yet not wholly disbelieving. There is so much in human life that is beyond the ken of our finite knowledge; and how dull our journey through this world would be if we never permitted ourselves for a moment to leave the solid ground of fact for a brief excursion into the realm of fancy.

After all, it is so nice to be told that a fortune is in store for us if only we have patience, that a handsome husband is waiting round the corner, that we may expect the year after next to be our brightest.

It always seems a little hard to send the fortune-teller to prison. There is so much ugly truth to be had in this world for nothing, and a little pleasant deceit for a shilling is really not dear at the price.

Sir Montague Barlow, Minister for Labour.

Get a Move On!

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

TOO much time has been wasted by people taking their "hats off to France." It is Britain's part to look after her own house. Time and brains must be used to speed our commercial recovery—if even on the lines succeeding in Germany. The problems of impending Winter brook of no delay.

ARE we as helpless in face of the coming winter as the people of Tokyo and Yokohama, when the earth shook and a tidal wave rose out of the sea? You might think so, to hear some people talk.

The plague of unemployment continues to slay its thousands and tens of thousands; they fold their hands: man cannot contend against the gods. The famine of misery and despair spreads wide and wider over our land; they bow their heads; what can be done till the rain falls from heaven? If they murmur at all it is against the Government.

Not in this impotent spirit of fatalism did our fathers save themselves from the desolation wrought by Napoleon. That wonderful victory of the human mind, that heroic achievement of unconquerable northern energy, which raised our nation to the highest point of its fortunes, was neither the work of heaven nor of any Government. It was the triumph of factory and workshop. It was the work of masters and men. It was the achievement of British individualism.

IF we are wise we shall bestir ourselves while there is yet time and seek to recapture this spirit of our fathers. We shall not expect Mr. Baldwin to save us. We shall take steps to save ourselves. We shall not look helplessly towards a menacing winter. We shall take off our coats and make ourselves masters of the passing autumn. We shall certainly not distract our minds with the economic theorising of pedants and dreamers, but cultivate in ourselves a practical and creative faith—faith in British energy, British intelligence, British courage. If we spare a word for the Government it should be the stern order to stand aside and leave us free to save our own lives.

In my judgment the approaching winter, with its fireless grates, its empty cupboards, and its idle workshops, will bring to a decisive test something much more important to every man and every woman and every child in these islands than the system of Government under which we happen to be living. I think it will search out the moral health of British character. I cannot feel that the Government is failing us, because it is not in the power of any Government to save so desperate a situation. What I greatly fear may be the supreme tragedy of the approaching winter is the collapse of British individualism.

IS the present generation of masters capable of heroic effort? Is it as energetic, as intelligent, as courageous, as the generation of a hundred years ago? Is it inspired by the same high sense of duty? Is it as early at its desk, as far-ranging for new customers? Does it take itself as seriously?

Is the present generation of men as loyal to its country as the generation of workmen who saved Britain from the devastation of the Napoleonic wars? Is it as thrifty, as clever, and as willing to work its hardest and to do its best? Is it as grateful for the co-operation of capital? Does it feel itself as capable of holding its own in the markets of the world?

If we cannot answer these questions with a confident affirmative we are a house divided against itself, individualism is on its trial, and winter may work us a mischief from which recovery will be impossible for a hundred years.

And no man who has even the smallest acquaintance with the manufacturing centres of Great Britain can answer these questions with a confident affirmative. The over-taxed masters say they dare not take risks because they cannot trust their men to keep their engagements. The hard-pressed men say they will not increase output because such an effort means future unemployment. Capital goes slow. Labour goes slow. And never in history was there a time when it was more essential to our national safety that both Capital and Labour should work at the highest conceivable pressure.

THE sands are running out, and unless masters and men can change their minds before autumn has passed, British individualism will declare itself bankrupt in the face of all the nations.

Let me say a word to both masters and men. Every day the newspapers tell us of Germany's preparations to seize the markets of the world. In spite of financial chaos and political uncertainty, the mighty industrial machine of this highly intelligent people stands as ready for work now as the Prussian Army stood ready for war in 1914. The masters are bold and self-confident; the men are loyal and only waiting for their chance. The whole empire of German industry has been reorganised and brought to the highest pitch of perfection at a time when any other nation stricken would be in a state of Bolshevistic anarchy.

What the Germans can do we can do. They are not to be scorned but emulated. They are not to be feared but to be overtaken. When we read in the newspapers of their marvellous energy and devotion do not let us waste time by taking our hats off to France and shouting ourselves hoarse in praise of M. Poincaré, but let us use our brains to think how the Germans achieve such things, and take off our coats to beat them in a fair fight of industrial activity.

Is it to be supposed that if Germany owned the British Empire there would be 1,500,000 men out of work here in England? Masters and men would do well to face this humiliating question: Would not the Germans make far more of the British Commonwealth than we are making?

Let us rouse ourselves out of fatalistic apathy and realise that however quiet and peaceful our nation may now seem it is nevertheless standing at a turning-point in its history. It is worth thinking of that historians dispute to the present day as to the exact causes which brought about the decay of such great power as that of the Greek Commonwealth and the Roman Empire.

THERE is nothing suddenly spectacular about the ruin of great empires. Slowly, quietly, almost imperceptibly, the sceptre of power slides from the hand of a doomed people, and always the decline of a proud nation has something about it of falling twilight.

One thing seems to be certain in all the confusion of human history: no nation morally powerful becomes physically weak. If this generation is capable of self-sacrifice and thrift and hard-thinking, it will survive; if not, winter will search us to our very bones.

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BY bombarding innocent women Europe to gratify his own broken treaties on which the si matter the provocati

IT is well that we should understand what stake in the challenge which Mussolin flung down to Europe. Whether his lights a new train of conflagration or Continent or is extinguished before the pe magazines are in flames it is equally star It throws a flash of blinding light on the pre down which civilisation is clattering to ruin its wild extravagance may conceivably shoc world into sanity and so bring good out of One hopeful feature is the almost unani feeling of horror and indignation which incident has aroused in practically every co outside Italy. The Rothermere Press, of cou in ecstasies of admiration. It is no longer " off to France!" but " Hats off to Italy!" A who will set the world in a blaze is assur applause from these preachers of violence.

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The alternative before Europe is simpl can live by law or it can perish by lawles The only cement that can hold European s

Saturday Night Scoundrels

In food, coal and clothes the British housewife is plundered by middlemen and despoiled by profiteers.

JOBS are scarce, wages are falling, food is dear, times are hard and likely to grow harder. Mothers of big families wrestling on Saturday night in the streets of populous districts with the weekly problem of laying out their scanty store of shillings and pence to the best advantage for their ravenous hordes, may well look anxious and worried.

How to fill all those capacious little stomachs with the meagre contents of the tightly clasped family purse—that is the puzzle which sends the poor house-mothers from stall to stall, from shop to shop, wistfully balancing the nutritive virtues of fish and flesh, weighing the relative prices of potatoes and cabbages, and performing such feats of arithmetical jugglery in their expert minds as would stagger the Chancellor of the Exchequer and our Napoleons of finance.

The spectacle is pathetic enough in all conscience, but its appeal to our sensibilities is intensified and turned to anger by the knowledge that these poor women are being cruelly robbed in many cases by profiteering brigands, as mean and dastardly as the furtive sneak-thieves who snatch coppers from the hands of little children.

Look at the case of wheat. The price in the States has gone down to a price lower in purchasing power than at any time in fifty years. There are bumper crops, starving farmers, and—there's the rub—bloated gamblers in grain. The result is that while wheat has fallen in the English market to the pre-war price, consumers are still charged 8d. for a loaf which in 1914 only cost 5½d. to 6d.

In the case of milk, English farmers get 3d. a quart, for which they may have to transport it twice a day many miles to the station, and pay 1½d. or 1¾d. per gallon for railway carriage to London. But the retailing combines, whose carts go up one side of a street and down another, delivering at nearly every house, charge just as much for this small service as the farmer gets for keeping the cows and producing the goods.

Meat prices, as quoted by West-End stores, simply ridicule the figures published in the recent report of the Government's Departmental Committee: Rump steak quoted by the latter at 1s. 10d. per lb., is quoted by the former at 2s. the official figure for sirloin is 1s. 5½d., the price 1s. 11d. Who gets the difference?

Vegetables are dearer this year than l mainly owing to natural causes—but the mittee's report states on the authority o Minister of Agriculture, that, even last Jan "retail prices of fruit and vegetables in Lo were in some instances over three times as as the current wholesale price." Growers h district sell cabbages for 1½d. each, and see marked in shops 4d. and 5d. I have kno greengrocer to buy marrows from the grow 2d. each and sell some from his cart, befo reached his shop, for sevenpence each.

Examples of such outrageous discrepanc price between producer and consumer cou multiplied indefinitely; but sufficient fo space is the proof that the official cost-of- figures grossly understate the average house expenditure. In food, coal and clothes plundered by rapacious superfluous middl and despoiled by extortionate profiteers.

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A Word to Mussolini

by A. G. GARDINER

BY bombarding innocent women and children in Corfu Signor Mussolini risked the Peace of Europe to gratify his own lust for power. By flouting the League of Nations he has broken treaties on which the signatures of Italy's representatives are hardly yet dry. No matter the provocation such high-handed action cannot be tolerated.

Signor Mussolini, Prime Minister of Italy.

IT is well that we should understand what is at stake in the challenge which Mussolini has flung down to Europe. Whether his bomb lights a new train of conflagration on the Continent or is extinguished before the powder magazines are in flames it is equally startling. It throws a flash of blinding light on the precipice down which civilisation is clattering to ruin, and its wild extravagance may conceivably shock the world into sanity and so bring good out of evil. One hopeful feature is the almost unanimous feeling of horror and indignation which the incident has aroused in practically every country outside Italy. The Rothermere Press, of course, is in ecstasies of admiration. It is no longer "Hats off to France!" but "Hats off to Italy!" Anyone who will set the world in a blaze is assured of applause from these preachers of violence.

BUT they are alone in a world which stands aghast at this unprecedented act of incendiarism. Compared with the act, the conduct of Austria towards Serbia which brought about the great war was mild and temperate, and the "scrap of paper" which Germany tore up in invading Belgium was a trifle by comparison with the reams of treaties which Italy has flung to the flames in Corfu. The Belgian Treaty was nearly a hundred years old, but the Treaty of Versailles, with Italy's signature upon it, is a thing of yesterday. If nations can be permitted to dishonour their official word and run amuck like a mad dog then law and order in Europe perishes. All national contracts are at an end if those who sign them can outrage them with impunity before the ink of the signatures is well dry.

The alternative before Europe is simple. It can live by law or it can perish by lawlessness. The only cement that can hold European society together is the cement of a common agreement to observe certain rules of conduct towards one another, and when the cement crumbles the whole social fabric crumbles with it. The idea that we are to be at liberty to take the law into our own hands is the negation of law in the international sphere as much as in the domestic sphere.

What would become of our social order if every one of us who happened to have a disagreement with his neighbour claimed the liberty to take a gun and go outside and shoot him out of hand. If I did this it might be true that my neighbour deserved to be shot. But that would be no palliation of the crime. I cannot be the judge and executioner in my own case, and society would hang me in self-protection, for if it permitted me to shoot my neighbour it would have to permit anybody to do so, and I might bluster, Mussolini fashion, about my honour being above the law as much as I liked, but no court would listen to me. If I have been wronged I have my legal remedy. I can invoke the law to punish the wrongdoer.

It is this mutual system of protection under the common law by which alone we enjoy the security and advantages of civilised life. Dethrone the law in our midst to-day and our social life would collapse into barbarism straightway. Every one of us would have to carry a gun, and life and property would be at the mercy of the boldest thief and the straightest shot.

THAT is the gospel of lawlessness which Mussolini has impudently proclaimed in the face of Europe. He has declared that he is at liberty to take a gun and go out and shoot his neighbour on the ground that that neighbour has wronged him. He does not appeal to the law which his country has ratified. He does not even wait for an inquiry to see whether his neighbour or someone else has wronged him. He does not bother to shoot the supposed criminal. He blindly massacres a crowd of children a hundred miles away and more from the scene of the wrong—children who have no more to do with his grievance than your children or my children have.

THERE has never been such crazy brutality in the history of civilised government. There has never been such a naked assertion of Prussianism even in the history of Prussia. If it is tolerated it means that every nation which is strong enough to bully and bludgeon another nation is at liberty to do so. No wonder there is a panic among all the small peoples of the earth. They know that they are doomed under such a reign of terror. They exist in security only under the protection of a law which is for the defence of the weak even more than of the strong. It was in defence of that law that we entered into the war when Belgium was invaded contrary to the treaty which made her soil immune from invasion.

I have said nothing about the facts of this monstrous outrage, partly because they are now familiar to everybody, but chiefly because the claim frankly involved in them, that every nation can commit any crime it likes if it is strong enough to commit it, is of more importance than the mere facts. But it is necessary to a true understanding of this bad business to realise what is behind the sham talk about "national honour" and "sanctions" and "pledges" (for Mussolini has learned the jargon of his fellow-wrecker, Poincaré). He snatched at the Janina crime as an excuse for a great political adventure. He has usurped power in Italy like a Napoleon, and in order to maintain his usurpation he has to play the role of the conqueror.

JUST as Poincaré has seized the Ruhr to break up Germany, he has seized Corfu to make the Adriatic an Italian lake, as a preliminary no doubt to making the Mediterranean an Italian sea. He gambled on the possibility that if he followed the Poincaré example and faced Europe with an accomplished fact he would be able to brazen it out and, thanks to the breach between England and France, would get away with his plunder as Turkey has just got away with hers.

His demands upon Greece appear to be more or less supported by the Council of Ambassadors. But the question of the legality of his attack on Corfu with its accompanying slaughter of innocent civilians remains to be determined.

The destiny of Europe hangs upon this issue. If he wins, then unregulated force is the only power left in international society.

If he loses, if Europe realises that this is the last chance of preserving its corporate existence and of asserting the reign of law as against the reign of force in its affairs, then, as I have said, good may come out of evil. Which is it to be?

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by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

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eak quoted by the latter at

1s. 10d. per lb., is quoted by the former at 2s. 10d.; the official figure for sirloin is 1s. 5½d., the store price 1s. 11d. Who gets the difference?

Vegetables are dearer this year than last—mainly owing to natural causes—but the Committee's report states on the authority of the Minister of Agriculture, that, even last January, "retail prices of fruit and vegetables in London were in some instances over three times as much as the current wholesale price." Growers in my district sell cabbages for 1½d. each, and see them marked in shops 4d. and 5d. I have known a greengrocer to buy marrows from the grower at 2d. each and sell some from his cart, before he reached his shop, for sevenpence each.

Examples of such outrageous discrepancies of price between producer and consumer could be multiplied indefinitely; but sufficient for my space is the proof that the official cost-of-living figures grossly understate the average housewife's expenditure. In food, coal and clothes she is plundered by rapacious superfluous middlemen, and despoiled by extortionate profiteers.

Happily, there is, if not a remedy, a very useful palliative. The Government Committee's report says, very truly, that "there are plenty of retailers operating upon a moderate profit margin, *if consumers will take the trouble to discriminate and seek them out.*" Buyers who object to being swindled must discover these reasonable traders, and relentlessly boycott the vampires whose blood-sucking methods are exposing the country to the risk of serious trouble this winter.

Another thing that housewives can profitably do if the butcher is getting too "fresh," is to give him a rest and try the fishmonger, or the vegetarian merchant.

The Paris workman's wife does not conduct her shopping under the naphtha lamps of a Saturday night market, but trips to the job in the early morning when the wares are fresh from the gardens. Even the middle-class woman disdains to order her supplies from a tradesman's tout at her door but sallies forth to the dainty flowery street markets, before the day's dust has settled on the farmer's products, to pick and choose for herself.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

The Duke of Northumberland.

THE more democratic we become, the more interested we appear to be in the sayings and doings of the aristocracy. Whether this is due to a real love of titles or to a feigned passion for curios, I can't say.

Not long ago the Duke of Northumberland made a frantic endeavour to prevent other people from purchasing a position that is his by inheritance. Everyone instantly gave a willing ear to the Duke's protestations. We were so interested in anything a member of the nobility might be moved to say that it never struck us he was protesting against his own Dukedom.

All titles are bought by service; and whether that service consists of knocking someone else on the head and stealing his land as in the good old days, or of selling vast quantities of questionable food in tins, as in these enlightened times, the principle involved is much about the same.

IN reality the Duke isn't half the ignoramus his public utterances make him out to be. He knows perfectly well that no thinking person cares a rap for titles nowadays, and that if a sufficient number of born fools can be found willing to pay £40,000 for the fun of putting "Sir" or "Lord" before their names, the sooner we start ladling out peerages by the score the better. It would be an excellent way to lift the taxes from the shoulders of those who, if they could afford it, would gladly pay to remain commoners! They have found out, since the war, that the possession of a title is a doubtful honour, and a distinctly expensive one at that.

Socially speaking, a title acts as a serious drawback. Take the case of the Duke of Northumberland. No one can ever know what a pleasant fellow he is simply because of that frightening territorial title. If he were plain Bill Smith, he'd be popular as John Burns was before he became Right Honourable. The most attractive thing about him is his outspokenness. He invariably calls a spade "a blooming shovel."

And he has a true blood-hound's scent for the quarry he intends to run to earth. Having made his decision, having smelt out the abuse he means to expose, all the king's peers and all the king's courts will hardly lead him off the trail.

If only he could be prevailed upon to devote his energies to a fruitful cause, he would be a really valuable public servant. But being, unfortunately, a duke, he will fritter away his gifts on wild-goose chases like the Honours (or Dishonours) List, quite regardless of the fact that, to be consistent, an enquiry ought to be made into the origin of titles dating back to James I. and Charles II.—to mention no other monarchs—when the trade in honours was just as openly scandalous as it is now.

All that is necessary to make his Grace an admirable citizen of the world is the cultivation of a sense of humour, the possession of which would probably make him favour the wholesale distribution of titles by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. In this way we might one day achieve that sublime state foreshadowed by W. S. Gilbert—

When everybody's somebody
And no one's anybody!

UNECONOMIC WAGES

How Much Do You Earn For Your Employer?

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

NEXT to the roaring of doves, there is nothing quite so heart-rending as the bitter cry of the employer of labour when he opens up about his pet subject, namely, wages.

For a nice mild example in point, let us commend ourselves to the following:

"In most industries an entirely uneconomic wage is being paid. The manual workers who are in employment have rather more money to spare than ever before. Their wages soared up, as we all know, during the War, and it has been impossible to bring them down again to an economic level. Most employers dare not try to bring them down. . . . How long will it last? A levy on capital is actually going on all the time."

These remarks, modestly signed "Manufacturer," brought tears to my left eye when I read them.

NATURALLY you are acquainted with the difference between an uneconomic and an economic wage. An uneconomic wage is a wage which leaves the unfortunate person who coughs it up more or less without a ha'penny of profit for himself. An economic wage is a wage which leaves him "a reasonable margin of profit" wherewith to pay income and super tax and his missus' perfumery bills.

"Manufacturer" says that in most industries entirely uneconomic wages are being paid; and for myself I haven't the remotest doubt about it. If you want to know how uneconomic your wages really are, apply for an increase any bright morning you feel like it, and see what happens.

THE wage-payer will take you warmly by the lily hand, bid you be seated in the best chair, and offer you a cigar. "John," he will observe, "you have been with us now, man and boy, these nine hundred and ninety-nine years and we have always pulled together for the mutual benefit of the firm or house. In regard to your application for a rise, I must point out that if I were to give it to you all your fellow employees would want it as well, and in a big concern like ours that would mean an enormous inflation of the wages bill.

"I may tell you in strict confidence, John, that this business has been running at a dead loss ever since I can remember. Last year we started in to make a profit of £150,000. Our actual profit was only £50,000. Consequently we are £100,000 down on the year. The Bank of England couldn't stand it.

"In any case you are already receiving two and a half times what you received before the War for the same job, and if the price of beer has gone up, the fault, John, is not mine."

That, or something very like it, is the employer's attitude, and I am sure he is sincere about it.

But there appears to be another side to the medal. At a place called Bradford, in Yorkshire, the local industry, namely, the textile industry, is understood to have suffered during the past six years the biggest slump in living memory.

SOMEBODY who has been at the trouble to look into the profits of two large local firms for these six years of slump discovers that the profits of one of them amounted to £379,994, while the average profit of the other one was £112,000 a year.

The £379,994 firm employs 2,700 hands. Divide the profit by 2,700 and you are brought face to face with the circumstance that for six years past every man, woman and child in the service of this firm has been earning for it £139 a year, or £2 14s. a week, over and above his or her wages.

The earnings of each employee of the £112,000 firm—over and above wages—work out at £140, or rather under £2 16s. a week.

ASSUMING that the figures for other industries are in anything like proportion it is difficult to see where the cry of "uneconomic wages" comes in.

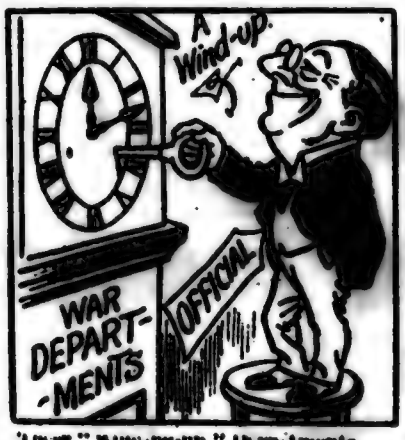
And if the employed person—in a time of slump and with his wages two and a half times what they were before the War—still contrives to rake in £130 or so per annum for his employer how much must the employer have been touching for per head of his employees in the happy day when trade was good and the working man was expected to support a wife and family on 30s. a week?

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

Now meat's so dear it helps to clear
Up one important point;
For folks can't buy and that is why
The world is "out of joint."

So all their schemes were idle dreams
To soon dissolve in vapour;
For now we find the pact they signed
Becomes "a scrap of paper."



"Live" "Winding-up" Departments seem
As strong as when they started;
'Twill be, one fears, still many years
Before they're all "departed."

Japan—by Fate laid desolate,
With twice ten thousand crashes—
Tho' stricken sore will rise once more
Like Phœnix from the ashes.

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AND THE
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Among those who appreciate the sterling worth of the Barry Service is Stephen Donoghue, the famous Jockey. Well-known men, the world over, look to the Barry Service for their tailoring needs.

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PURE WOOL OVERCOAT
TO MEASURE
FOR £2-0-0

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Dressed by BARRY.
(Photo by Press and Publicity Photographic Co.)

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If, after examining the excellent material, workmanship and finish of this wonderful £2 Barry "Warmth without weight" Overcoat, you are not of the opinion that it is the greatest bargain you have ever seen, we will refund not only the £2 paid but 2/6 over and above that sum to compensate you for your trouble. Do not confuse this £2 Overcoat with the cheap sale goods so extensively being boomed in the London Press. It is something entirely different.

SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS.

Possibly you do not need an Overcoat or Suit at the moment. No matter! Send for our patterns and booklet just the same, and you will then know where to go when you are in need of new clothes. As we have said, once you have seen our patterns and read the striking testimony of our gratified clients, the question of your next tailor is never in doubt.

The Best £3 : 10 : 0 to measure All Wool Indigo Dyed Lustre Shrunk Blue Serge Suit ever produced.	A PURE WOOL SUIT to measure for £2 : 0 : 0	The Barrie Covert Coat To Measure. The Finest £3 : 5 : 0 Raincoat on the Market. Lined throughout.

If you cannot call personally, our SELF-MEASURE CHART is unfailing. You take your measures in the privacy of your home, select your cloth from the lovely range of patterns we shall send you, choose your style from the big selection of fashions we submit—and in seven days you will receive your suit carefully packed.

Sent carriage paid at our risk entirely.

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WRITE OR CALL.

Those calling may be measured in our Show-rooms.

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But the very first shave will convince you that we have succeeded in developing a cream better than any shaving soap you ever used before.

Better in five important ways. We have produced:

1. A soap that multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. A soap that acts in one minute. No finger rubbing, and no waiting. Just apply it and carry on.
3. A lather that maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
4. Lather that not only softens the hairs but keeps them upright while you cut them.
5. A soap that leaves the face in fine condition, because of Palm and Olive oils.

Because of these qualities we claim that Palmolive Shaving Cream is incomparably the best. When you have made the test we believe you will agree with us. Please post the coupon now, while you are thinking about it.

PALMOLIVE Shaving Cream

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10 Shaves Free

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Please send me FREE a 10-shave tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

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P85a

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WHO WILL THAT SOMEONE BE?

Do you realise that for 1/- only YOU will be put on an equal footing with every other entrant and with just the same likelihood of winning?

The Competition is simple and within the scope of everyone, but it has only

A FEW MORE WEEKS

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TICKETS 1/- each.

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4th Prize	£100
5th Prize	£50
20 Prizes of	£10
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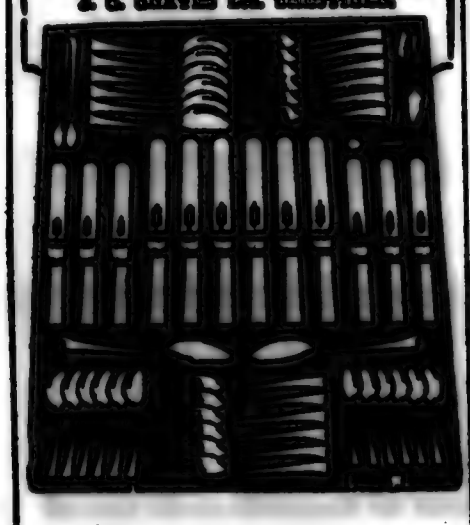


Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

A Cry from a Slum

"ANYONE who knows well the difficulty of the housing problem in the large towns of Scotland will appreciate the seriousness of the quandary in which I find myself.

"I am 23 years of age and the eldest daughter of a family of five, the family being made up of an invalid father, two sisters, aged 16 and 11 respectively, and a brother of 18. My father has been unable to work for the last four years owing to chronic neurasthenia, and my sister and brother, untrained and unadaptable, are two of the thousands of unemployed who are to-day utterly incapable of obtaining work in a market surfeited by a huge supply.

"Four years ago, thanks to strenuous study at evening commercial schools, I was able to obtain a post as typist for a big firm in our city, and since then I have been able by desperate struggling to keep the whole of my family from starvation.

"Our narrow means, however, make it necessary for us to live in one of the many one-roomed houses for which the slums of Scottish towns are notorious. We have one bed, and wretched drunken neighbours of dirty morals and filthy bodies.

"I feel I cannot exist in the conditions there for many more weeks. I want to desert and to live alone in private rooms where the life of the animal will be forgotten. Would I be doing wrong if I followed the dictates of my desires? We are surely not meant to relinquish our self-respect and our moral welfare even when we have sacred calls."

Humanist says: *It is hard lines on you, but you would not be really happy if you deserted your own people to gratify your personal sense of comfort and dignity. Struggle on till your brothers and sisters can help. They won't go through life unemployed.*

His Wife's Past

"CAN you help me in the following matter? Three years ago I married a girl who was everything in the world to me. We were happy for over two years, though we had no children. But one day, while in the company of some men, Fate threw one of her terrible bombshells. I had been waiting for my wife in a restaurant, having arranged to meet her at the street corner close by the restaurant. It was here that I met the group of men in whose company I was when the revelation came to me.

"My wife passed by the window, and one of my companions, after uttering an ejaculation of surprise, said he used to know 'that woman,' and in the sentimental reminiscent mood of a man looking back on his past, told how 'that woman' had been for a short time all that any man could expect a wife to be. I was incredulous, but said nothing, feeling sure he had made a mistake. But the thing preyed so upon my mind that in spite of myself, in spite of my belief in my wife, in spite of my certainty of his error, I felt impelled to make enquiries. I found that my companion of that day had made no mistake.

"My wife knows nothing of my discovery. But she feels that I have changed towards her. She knows some cloud has come between us. She is unhappy; I am unhappy. We cannot continue like this.

"Am I to confront her with her past sin and perhaps drive her from me altogether. Or must I try to forget an error—for she was never wanton—that occurred before she came into my life?"

"Humanist" says: *To err is human and to forgive divine. If you have never yourself sinned a headlong sin you may find it hard to forgive, but in any case a real man does not punish a woman for an offence that was not directed against him. You say your wife is a good woman. Try to forget as well as forgive. The man who revealed your wife's faults is a cad.*

The White Scourge

"I HAVE been reading the letter in 'Human Documents' headed 'Wise Parenthood,' and I would like to write of a personal experience which happened to me five years ago.

"While I was working for the Co-op. during the war, I was made the 'navvy,' as I was the strongest girl; and one day while unloading a van, I was carrying a hundredweight sack of soda on my back: I happened to trip my foot, which caused me to catch my breath and cough. Soon after I had gone back to the counter one of the girls said: 'Have you cut your lip, as it is bleeding?'

"I put my handkerchief to my mouth and soon had it soaked with blood, and then found it was coming from my throat; the manager sent me to the doctor at once, and he told my mother to keep me on my back as flat as I could lie.

"The bleeding soon stopped, and I felt quite fit again the next day and went off to business, but it came on again twice during the week, so my own doctor, who privately told my parents that he didn't put it down to tuberculosis himself, said he would have to send me to a tubercular specialist at Edmonton. I went, and after he had examined me he told my mother that I should have to go to a sanatorium at once, since it was possible I shouldn't last the year. That was on June 20, 1918.

"I made up my mind that I wouldn't go, and I told mother if I was to die I'd die at home. Specialists were sent to my home to examine me, and they each told me that what the Edmonton specialist had put down as tuberculosis was just a broken blood-vessel leading from the lungs.

"My dear mother had a paralytic stroke the same night that she was told I was dying and never spoke to us or knew us again. She died on July 3, 1918. I think that this proves that it does not do to believe everything the doctors say."

Humanist says: *I publish your letter, not only that it may encourage the writer of a previous letter, who was told he had tuberculosis, but that it may warn others to check medical advice as far as possible.*

May and December

"HUMAN life is ever a most interesting study, and I must admit that I have in practically every case agreed absolutely with the advice you have given, though without reading the answer I could not, probably, have thought of it myself.

"The question which I now personally have to decide is very slightly akin to one of your queries in this week's paper under the heading 'December and May.' In my case I am not a widow in love with a boy, but am a woman of 28 in love with a man of 62. My case is NOT one of 'infatuation' at all. I am genuinely and sincerely in love with this man, who is in everything but his age suitable to me. His religious outlook and my own are the same; also his intelligence far surpasses my own, and I feel he would be a great prop for the few years he is spared to me. His physical health is almost perfect, and his eyesight is good. Do not misunderstand me—by thinking me a crank—if I say that we do genuinely believe that those who are genuinely united in mind and soul in this life will meet again in the other.

"Naturally, only a few are in sympathy with this aspect of the matter (though an intensely important one to us), but remind me of the dangers to my prospective children in having so old a father. I do not know if you have a wide experience of marriages between people of such varied ages, but if you could tell me whether the odds are very much against me, or only a little risky, it might aid me in my decision. It is a serious thing to refuse the love of a genuinely honest man, and I am persuaded that he is that, as are also the friends who on eugenic lines advise that we should remain only on friendly terms. Surely the latter are asking too much of affectionate and devoted people! The prospect is not very great, but I am prepared to earn my own living, as I do now."

"Humanist" says: *You are obviously an intelligent woman, but you are asking me to recommend an imprudent marriage. If you have children, your husband may not live to see them well started in life. If you choose to face this risk you may both have some years of happiness.*

"HUMANIST" REPLIES

to those "Documents" not dealt with on the opposite page. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others.

A Woman's Thoughts.

"I am twenty-eight, modest and moral. All the forward girls seem to get on better than I. I begin to think that respectability and modesty don't count."

Don't believe it. Cultivate courage and cheerfulness, and Mr. Right will come along. Then you will be pleased and proud that you won your battle.

Friendship and Business.

"A friend of mine wants to put money in my business (printing). I am told that friends are better apart in matters of business."

If somebody has to put money in, why refuse the offer of a friend? See that the investment is made in proper legal form, and that there are no loopholes to cause future trouble.

Too Eager.

"I have fallen in love with the manager of the office where I work. He has only recently married a beautiful girl, who, I know, despises him and thinks only of pleasure and money. I hate to see him look so anxious and disappointed. Should I show sympathy for him? I feel so much about it."

No. Let his marriage be given a fair chance. It will not get it if you begin to sympathise, on a basis of hostility to the wife.

If Golf Interferes.

"My employer, a generous and honourable man, is very religious, and a great Sabbatarian. He has announced his displeasure at my playing golf on Sunday. He says it affects my character."

It would be easy to make a cynical reply. Your employer is narrow. The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. But in your position it would be imprudent to start educating him now.

His Brother's Girl.

"My brother, aged only twenty, has come under the influence of a beautiful but evil woman. I found out her true character by accident. Should I tell? I have always felt that if you cannot speak well of anyone, you should keep silent."

Between brothers there ought to be complete confidence. Tell him you have learned things you do not intend to repeat, and let him make his own enquiries and decision.

Premature Distribution.

"My girl friend and I are both typists in the same City office. We are both in love with the same man, a colleague of ours. I think he prefers me, but our religions are different. Should I resign him to my friend?"

You are treating the male colleague rather like a chattel. Wait till he declares his love before you tackle the religious problem. You may not have to tackle it at all.

A Dry Invasion.

"I have been invited to join, as typist and correspondent, an American Prohibition Movement, to take offices in this country and work for Prohibition here. Should I accept the offer?"

Please yourself. You are not responsible for the cranks and intruders and their policy. If you did not work for them, others would. You cannot convert people by boycotting them. They must be fought with other and more useful weapons.

A Bad Father.

"My father deserted my mother and went through a form of marriage with another woman. My mother is dead, my father's second 'wife' is dead, and he refuses to recognise or help me. Can I get him punished for bigamy?"

Bigamy is a crime and anybody can swear an information. But most people would hesitate to take action where the injured parties—the first and second "" are dead.

The Mystery Negro.

"I am only a poor woman. My sister is being pestered by a coloured man—West African—who says he is a big merchant at home. He lives here permanently, has no obvious employment, and is a mystery. What should I do?"

Watch over your sister. Inquire of the police who this coloured man is and what is his record. If your sister dislikes this man's attentions, order him away. If he doesn't go, again go to the police. In these matters you cannot be too careful or too strict.

Well Earned or Ill-chosen?

"My husband, a retired throat specialist, wishes to join a big game-shooting expedition in the Uganda. Have I the right to prevent him going on account of the danger?"

I think the danger greater for the big game than for the hunter. Your husband is surely entitled, after a lifetime of toil, to enjoy the kind of holiday he prefers. Prevention is better than cure, but not in a matter of this kind.

The Sensitive Husband.

"My husband treats me badly, but won't let me take from another man an allowance for my first child, born out of wedlock. He says it isn't right."

It is right that the father of your child should support it. You are entitled to the money to help to bring up the child. Ask your husband to be generous—there are few men who do not really like to do the generous thing, if they can, and if you are tactful in handling him.

The Danger Zone.

"Always a cheerful boy, my only son has suddenly developed an anxious manner. He is only twenty-one, and has spent a lot of money lately. By accident I find he is betting heavily. His father is dead."

Try to get a man of the world to talk to him kindly. If you have no such friend ask your boy for your sake to leave bookmakers alone. At his age he is most unlikely to be a match for them.

A Case for Silence.

"My sister's husband, sent to an Asylum as hopeless, has recovered and will soon be home again. My sister has had a child since to a man who would have married her if he could. If the husband knows, he will probably go mad again and perhaps murder his wife."

It is a very unfortunate position. It is a double injury to the husband, if he is not told. But in the circumstances there is an excuse for not telling him something that might endanger his restored sanity.

THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Viscount Takes The Count.

by HARRISON OWEN

WHEN Viscount Rothermere entered the dock and pleaded "Not Guilty" to charges of seeking to mislead the public and obtaining pennies by false pretences all eyes were turned on him, for although most of those present knew of him by name, none had previously seen him.

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., said that, as an individual, accused was so insignificant that the jury might think it somewhat comic to suggest that he was capable of misleading the public. They well might say: "Who is this Rothermere? We don't recall having read any of his speeches."

"The reply to this," continued Mr. Watchdog, "is that during the years he has been in the House of Lords this penny peer has not once made a speech in the chamber.

In seeking to mislead the public he has no need to make speeches where they could be answered, for he is the owner of five umpteen-horse-power gramophones—to wit, the *Daily Wail*, the *Evening Blues*, the *Daily Mirroar*, the *Sunday Pictoriyell* and the *Weakly Rehash*—on any one of which he has only to place a record to cause all five to roar and bellow in chorus.

"The instance upon which I am relying to prove these charges relates to the tune played by these gramophones in connection with the dispute between Italy and Greece. Let me say that nobody deplores more than I do the murder upon Greek territory of an Italian Mission, or is more anxious that ample amends should be made Italy, but there is a properly constituted tribunal, the League of Nations, for the settlement of such disputes. Signor Mussolini, instead of allowing the League to deal with the matter, chose to issue a swaggering ultimatum and to bombard Corfu, killing 16 children.

"The Carmelighthouse, which the accused controls, should at this point have flashed signals to warn Signor Mussolini of the danger he ran of getting on the rocks by thus flouting international opinion, but, instead, the entire chorus of Rothermere gramophones set to work to encourage Mussolini in his methods of frightfulness and to attack the British Government because it took the perfectly correct attitude that the matter was one for the League of Nations. In thus supplying his large public with one-sided news and views, Rothermere is pursuing an unpatriotic policy such as resulted in the *Daily Wail* being burnt by citizens who were outraged by its attacks upon Lord Kitchener during the war."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said that his client was convinced that Britannia was an interfering old busybody who, when she became involved in controversies with other countries, was usually in the wrong. When a difference of opinion arose between England and France, his lordship urged his readers to "Stand by France," and it was now his intention to start a "Hats Off to Italy" campaign.

The jury found the accused "Guilty."

"Most of us," said Mr. Justice Bull, "are getting a little tired of prisoner's habit of urging us to take our hats off to this, that and the other country, while all the time he is holding out his own hat and inviting us to drop pennies into it. The foreign policy he has been pursuing may be due merely to the wrong-headedness of a man of no particular talents or education in world affairs, but Rothermere appears also to have a personal grudge against Lord Curzon, the British Foreign Minister, because that gentleman once excluded the Northcliffe Press from the Foreign Office.

"Such personal squabbles are no excuse for prisoner seeking to mislead the public on questions of grave importance, so I must direct that any of Rothermere's viewspapers in which offences of the kind are perpetrated in the future shall be burnt by the common or garden hangman and that *Rothermere and his servant Loval Fraser shall be denied the use of italics for twelve months of Sundays.*"

Prisoner collapsed on hearing the latter part of the sentence.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"WEEK END NOVELS":—"Rosemary took the child's hand and went up to her room, then SITTING on her bed, she RAN DOWN for the rest of the things."

"TRUE STORY MAGAZINE":—"I turned on the ELECTRIC gas-fire."

"PETERBOROUGH ADVERTISER":—"An OPEN AIR gathering took place IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHAPEL on Thursday."

"THE UNION JACK":—"Voluminous robes of WHITE FUCE swathed his slender figure."

"HALIFAX DAILY COURIER AND GUARDIAN":—"He had somehow become WRAPPED in the wheel of the motor waggon, and difficulty was experienced in EXTINGUISHING him."

"GLASGOW EVENING CITIZEN":—"For sale, bedroom suite, complete, with GENT'S and chairs, £22 10s."

"BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE":—"Youth (75), with good Secondary Education, desires situation."

"DAILY HERALD":—"Let us strike while the iron is RIPE, and take the bull by the FORELOCK."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"We've bought this country fairly cheap, or what we've got of it, which is roughly TWO-THIRDS. Take it easy and we'll get the OTHER TWO-THIRDS even cheaper."

"SEXTON BLAKE LIBRARY":—"He awoke and rose in the early dawn, and when he had EATEN FROM A WATER-BOTTLE, he swung to the saddle and resumed his journey."

"SOUTH WALES ARGUS":—"He jumped into the Medway and rescued a woman and her son. The woman had entered the water to try COLLIER'S BREAD, noted for purity and flavour."

I HAVE a peculiar passion for statistics, not so much those which are tabulated in all respectable sporting journals, showing the amount this or that owner and trainer has won in stakes, but the vital statistics which are so immensely valuable to a psychologist. And in the course of the past eighteen months, by means of competitions and the like, by direct correspondence with readers and other methods, I have gained very interesting information.

* * *

Why Punters Lose.

Not least has been my own sad experience, and, after all, nothing is so impressive as the knowledge you pay for. And the conclusions I have reached are these:

I. Most people back too many horses.

II. Most people (95 per cent. of the smaller punters) lose money on the year.

III. The punter's greed supplies the lacquer on the bookmaker's Rolls-Royce.

IV. All punters could make money if they backed their real fancies.

* * *

No Strength of Mind.

But the unfortunate thing is that, though the way to prosperity is fairly clear to every man who understands racing, very few have the strength of mind to keep to any kind of plan. Some years ago, when I found myself on the wrong side of the book, I made a resolution that I would not have a bet under a hundred pounds. I took this course because I found that I was frittering away a fortune on small bets, and I thought that, if I never betted under a hundred, I should be more careful.

* * *

Don't Bet Small and Often.

The result was that after every day's racing I found that the horses I should have had a tenner on had won! Really that was an illusion, for the chances are that, if I had been betting, I should have backed something else. Every horse looks a certainty after it has won. But the moral of all observation is: Don't bet small and often but Big and Rarely.

* * *

Papyrus.

I am almost sorry that I jumped in with my remarks about Papyrus and the American match, whether it comes off or not. There is always a danger that first conclusions are wrong and especially is it likely that we are all wrong on the question of acclimatisation. We have all argued that Papyrus will not be in a condition to race, basing our view upon the loss of form which good horses *coming from* America have shown on our tracks. We certainly cannot quote the case of any good English horse losing his form when sent to race in America—because there have been none.

* * *

That Champagne Air.

My own and other humans' experience is that the New York and the American atmosphere generally is most exhilarating. I personally am 21 lbs. more energetic in the States than I am in England. There is a champagne quality in the air that puts your tail up so to speak, and in all probability the effect produced on human beings has its counterpart in the thoroughbred racehorse.

* * *

As to racing on a dirt track, I should imagine that a long striding horse would prefer dirt to the "bone" of Epsom and the adamantine conditions of Ascot. If Papyrus won it is doubtful whether he would return to this country and even if he loses I should imagine that the American breeders will make an attempt to keep the Derby winner in their country.

* * *

In the meantime (and talking of matches) what about that Epinard *v.* Mumtaz Mahal affair?

* * *

The Non-trier.

I heard a very heated discussion the other day about the purity of English racing. One good simple soul protested that the charges so freely levelled that a certain horse was not trying at a Metropolitan meeting were ridiculous. He knew the owner, etc., etc. The truth is that there are no triers in every race. What happens so often is this: An owner finds (say) that he has a two-year-old that has made remarkable improvement. He tries him at home well enough to win a race for which he is entered at Kempton, but he is not absolutely sure that his trial is right.

* * *

The Why of It.

If he is a betting owner he doesn't want to put down his money in the dark. The horse has several engagements ahead and there is no reason for hurry. So what he does is to tell his trainer that he wants an easy race (or more often than not the suggestion comes from the trainer) and the jockey is accordingly instructed. The horse "looks on," is well tucked away so that no "accident" can happen and finishes fifth or sixth.

"I could have won," says the jockey, and with that information to go on the owner can bet the next time out. I could give instance after instance of this kind of thing happening. The stewards know there are non-triers, but unless there are flagrant "improvements" in form, they take no steps—and properly.

* * *

Now then, Tipsters!

What will win the Cesarewitch? Sportsmen anxious to relieve themselves of tips "straight from the 'oose's mouth," will find on another page free particulars of the offer of £120 for forecasts of the 1st and 2nd horses in this race.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

St. Leger.

Doric has been the biggest disappointment I have known for a long time. After his display at York all hopes of him winning seem shattered. He is, however, a certain starter, so that his backers will at least have a run for their money.

* * *

Throughout the preparation of J. Jarvis' two candidates, Eastern Monarch has always been going the best, until just recently, when Ellangowan, over the full Leger course, showed to the better advantage, to the surprise of watchers.

* * *

Papyrus has done well throughout. He has had several good gallops since his race at York, and goes splendidly. There is no doubt whatever about his stamina, and he is one of the gamest horses ever known. I am confident he will be returned the winner.

* * *

Cleveland Three-year-old Handicap.

Star Chamber is very well just now and will want a lot of beating for his selected race,—a remark which also applies to Torlonia. I have a very strong fancy for Ironbridge on this occasion. Recently he had much the better of Trajanus, Sollicitude and Tudor King in a fast mile gallop, and the soft going is just to his liking. I am sure the best has not been seen of him, and I make him my selection.

* * *

Rufford Abbey Handicap.

Sewing Machine has had a good preparation for this race, but seems to be well looked after as regards weight. In my opinion Bellman is the pick of the handicap. He has been going well in some good gallops lately, and has been specially trained for this race. He is thought by all his connections to hold a great winning chance.

* * *

Bradgate Park Nursery.

Cockpit is a very much improved animal, and will be returned winner of a nursery soon. Whatever happens here, he will pay to follow. The six furlongs will suit Clear Dance admirably, and this one will be very dangerous to the best. Mixed Double is useful and hails from a dangerous stable which makes few mistakes. When this one is seriously fancied she will be fighting out the finish. The race is a very open one, but I shall go for Cockpit, which will take a lot of beating.

* * *

Portland Handicap.

Sicyon is well looked after in this race, and I prefer Beatty's selected. Polydipsia will probably represent De Mestre, and this horse is useful when at his best. I think whatever beats Linby will win.

* * *

Crewe, a two-year-old trained by J. Jarvis, has yet to be seen out. When galloped with Plack, Halidome, Indiscretion and Lady of Lemnos, he had the best of things all the way. He will probably be seen out next week and should not be overlooked.

* * *

Ravensroost c. has had the best of several good gallops with other animals trained by Walters, and can be followed with confidence.

ROWLEY MILESTONES.

Golden Corn has been relegated to the stud.

* * *

Santolina, for whom a good many people have been on the lookout lately, has recently been coughing.

* * *

No disqualification of recent years has given rise to so much heart-burning as that of Craig Elsyr at York.

* * *

Diligence has returned to the National Stud at Tully, where he will stand as a sire. Royal Lancer, who was also leased to Lord Lonsdale, and has likewise concluded his racing career, is reported to be "on sale"

* * *

Carpathus must not be judged by his running in the Ebor Handicap. He had done nothing like an adequate preparation for that race, and was not fancied.

* * *

Vilna, who has not run since she broke down in her training for last year's Cesarewitch, is again in good work, and is expected to want beating for the same race this year.

* * *

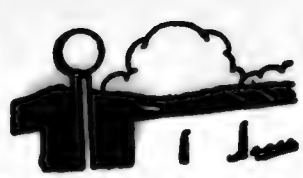
By the way, backers interested in the Cesarewitch would do well to remember that the running in the Rufford Abbey Plate at Doncaster frequently throws considerable light on that event.

* * *

Someone would seem to have "put the wind up" Donoghue after he had been thrown into the saddle on Tulwar at Gatwick. The horse had actually left the paddock before the champion jockey dismounted, and announced that "Somebody else will have to ride him!"

* * *

The hint thrown out in these columns a few weeks ago, to the effect that it would be good business to follow Martin Hartigan's apprentice, Gordon Richards, until he lost the 5 lbs. allowance, has recently borne fruit.



Sports and by ROWLEY

HORSES TO NOTE.

Darragh (3 yrs.).—A very useful animo which must be judged by his form at Pontefract in the spring rather than on his defeats in Ireland, where he could not act on the hard ground. He is tolerably certain to win races this back-end.

Juveica (2 yrs.).—A moderate colt but a good stayer. Just the sort to win a mile "seller," in which class of event two-year-olds have all the best of the weight-for-age scale with their older opponents.

Donna Inez (4 yrs.).—Although not much to look at, this mare is a game bit of stuff, well worth bearing in mind for any long-distance event for which she is fancied by her able trainer.

Thyone (3 yrs.).—Even though this filly has done nothing this season to redeem her two-year-old promise, she ran well enough at York to suggest better things in the future, and a five-furlong handicap ought to be well within her grasp.

Lady Blink (2 yrs.).—This filly ran sufficiently well behind Ceramic at York, to give the idea that she can be trusted to win a "seller" when the company is not quite so select as it was on that occasion.

Greek Bachelor (3 yrs.).—Now that rain has fallen in copious quantities, this colt is moving in his spring form, and handicappers who have estimated his ability on his more recent running may find they have made a mistake.

Hilten (2 yrs.).—This youngster, which is a recent addition to Colling's string at Newmarket, shapes like a useful customer, and he can probably be placed to win a race of some sort.

Isette (3 yrs.).—So far this season nothing like the best has been seen of this filly, which goes very fast for five furlongs. This fact should be well worth bearing in mind.

The Ball Game.

Home winners in the First Division have been more plentiful than for several seasons past. There should be a majority of them on the winning side this week-end, and the best of the bunch are Liverpool, Huddersfield and Aston Villa. Cardiff City are usually an inspired team on the Ninian Park ground, and as they have already beaten the cup holders they should do the same with the runners-up, West Ham. Bolton Wanderers, Sheffield United and Sunderland must also be looked upon as potential home winners. Burnley have not done anything great yet, but with more new men than most teams they must be given time to settle down. If they can pull out their best form it will be good enough to beat the Forest at Nottingham, and as Everton are a better team than the Rovers they should beat them at Blackburn. West Bromwich are playing so well that they look like getting a point at Highbury. The 'Spurs I fancy to hold their own at Middlesbrough

Fancied for Promotion.

Manchester United and Leeds United are strongly fancied in the North for promotion, and are so good on their own ground that they will create a big surprise if they fail to win their matches this

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS

DONCASTER (Wednesday).

2.0	Torlonia (Karl, Star Chamber).
3.15	ST. LEGER STAKES—Parth (Papyrus, Waygood).
3.50	Minority (Haine, Cockpit).
4.20	Alimony (Erne, Audlem).
4.50	El Obeid (Bellman, Vilna).

DONCASTER (Thursday).

2.0	(If entered) Long Cerrie.
2.30	Hasty Catch (Bucks Yeoman, Plack).
3.5	Scyphius (Hunting Song, Polydipsia).
3.40	Puttenden (Revival, London Cry).
4.10	Morals of Marcus (Halcyon, Lacemaker).
4.40	Argeia (Nora McTavish, Harry Tate).
5.10	Golden Boss (Tudor King, Terre Fermo).

DONCASTER (Friday).

1.30	(If entered) Click.
2.0	Becka (Concertina).
2.30	Leighon Tor (Mill Belle, Nymphidia).
3.0	Diligence (Rhuidhaonach, Flint Jack).
3.30	Tiggler (Haine, Ballast).
4.0	Inkerman (Sierra Leone, Scullion).

ALEXANDRA PARK (Saturday).

1.15	Dusky Brave (Wykeham, Spring Running).
2.0	Petty Cury (Prolific, Purse Proud).
2.30	Rubber (Montefringilla, Ceramic).
3.0	Breva.
3.30	Palemides (Detritus, Envoy).
4.0	Bengal (Jason, Blarney Stone).
4.30	Red Hill (North End, Unail).

Sportsmen MILE

week-end. Barnsley, at Oakwell, are always good to follow, and despite Fulham's bad start, I shall take them along with Blackpool and Southampton to be on the list of home winners. Oldham and Hull City are the best away propositions, and Clapton Orient *v.* Derby County and Port Vale *v.* Stockport strike me as games likely to end in draws.

Fickle Form.

Scottish League form has been very fickle, and one of the most disappointing teams up to date are Falkirk, but they are sure to come again and ought to beat Ayr United. Aberdeen, the Hearts, Airdrieonians, Motherwell and St. Mirren are the best of the home lot. I look for a draw in the Kilmarnock *v.* Hamilton match, but am taking Raith Rovers to beat Queen's Park at Hampden Park. Selections for next week are given below to give readers plenty of time to fill in their coupons.

Watch the "Irons."

I am going to take West Ham to not only stop in the First Division but finish in the first six. Their virile style has already got opposing defences guessing, and my advice to the team is to maintain that bewildering long pass to the wing.

A Fulham Failing.

Fulham have made a bad start and they will never do any good until such a vulnerable part of their defence is changed. Bob Chaplin, who otherwise is quite a good back, and the half-back in front of him, Edelston, are five yards too slow for Second Division football.

What Argyle Lack.

Plymouth Argyle will improve later on. What is at present the matter is that the successors to Richardson and Hill have not become proficient enough to adequately fill the two most important positions in the team. The supporters of the Argyle have not yet finished expressing themselves over the loss of Hill.

Throttles Going Well.

West Bromwich are in for a good season if Stanley Davies keeps up the form he has shown so far. When he and Fred Morris are working in harmony, goals are inevitable, and nobody would grumble were the Throttles to lift one of the two big prizes of the game this season.

Glutteus for Goals.

The Swansea forwards last season found the net 78 times, which is something pretty good in the scoring line. They are out for a century this season, and an average of three a match in the first four fixtures is good enough. The Swansea manager (Joe Bradshaw) got in front of his London contemporaries when he got little Smith to leave Shepherd's Bush.

Orient more Ambitious.

I am glad to notice that Clapton Orient are at last shaping towards something more ambitious than mere spoiling. They were at one time serious rivals to Barnsley in stopping their opponents from playing, but now that Archibald is operating behind such fine forwards as Bliss and Williams, the Homerton crowd should get a little education in the finer points of wing co-operation.

Bury's Star.

Two London managers were on the spot when Robbie, of Bury, last played in the metropolis, but he is not yet leaving Lancashire, whatever opinion was formed of him. Good judges predict a bright future for this clever winger who, apart from skill, has a great turn of speed.

PAVLOVA OF FOOTBALL

SINCE Sandy Turnbull there has never been a Scottish inside-forward operating in English football the equal of J. McKay of the Rovers.

How Willie Maley of the famous Celtic club, one of the three shrewdest managers in the game, came to let McKay cross the border, even at a stiff figure, has never been made public, but it was a grievous blunder.

When McKay first appeared in England, he was regarded as being too light and too slow. Well, the best Scottish footballers do not rush aimlessly about the field, and by sheer skill McKay became in a month the brains of the Rovers' attack. He is a magnificent example of the good little 'un.

Only good judges of the game can get behind the brain of this dainty little Scot. McKay has the positions of both his comrades and opponents alike sized up in a flash when the ball comes to him. Then a side-step or a swerve has the defenders badly placed and away goes the ball to the man placed for a shot.

McKay indeed is a maker rather than a getter of goals. When he does shoot it is not a dynamic effort. A simple push mainly gets the McKay points, for he will hold the ball until he has the goalkeeper moving the wrong way.

Add a natural grace and elegance to this Pavlova of professionalism and you have this Glasgow lad adequately sized up. He refutes the claim that class footballers can be made. They still have to be born.

FORECASTS FOR SEPT. 22.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. I.

Home Winners.

*Birmingham, *West Bromwich, West Ham, *Manchester City, Newcastle, Spurs.

Away Winners.

Sheffield United, *Huddersfield, Aston Villa.

Draws.

Burnley *v.* Liverpool, *Notts County *v.* Notts Forest.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. II.

Home Winners.

Bury, Crystal Palace, *Derby, *Leicester, Oldham, *Stoke.

Away Winners.

Fulham, *Manchester United.

Draws.

*Coventry *v.* Southampton, *Hull City *v.* Leeds, Stockport *v.* Bradford City.

THIRD DIVISION—NORTHERN.

Home Winners.

Bradford, Chesterfield, Durham, Lincoln, Halifax, Rotherham, *Tranmere, *Wigan.

Away Winners.

*Wolves, Wrexham.

Draws.

*Crewe *v.* Walsall.

THIRD DIVISION—SOUTHERN.

Home Winners.

Aberdare, Bristol Rovers, Charlton, Newport, Norwich, *Portsmouth, *Swansea, *Watford.

Away Winners.

*Brighton, *Plymouth.

Draws.

Exeter *v.* Reading.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Home Winners.

*Dundee, Hamilton, Hibs, *Morton, *Raith Rovers, *Rangers, Third Lanark.

Away Winners.

Celtic, *Kilmarnock.

Draws.

Clyde *v.* St. Mirren.

(Special selections for coupon purposes are marked with an asterisk.)

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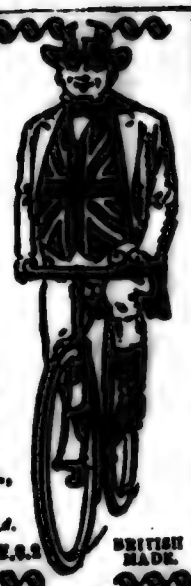

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Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

A Father's Opinion.

What has the father to say on the subject, "Do babies bring happiness?" Would the position of "Heartbroken" have been any better had she been childless? I doubt it. Children or no children, any sensible married person will tell you that the idyllic state of marriage does not last for ever, but a sane, level, ordinary married life takes its place naturally. Look around you and see the look of envy on the faces of a married childless couple when shown your new baby, and thank God, "Heartbroken," for your children.—"*Father*," *Barnsley.*

"Unwanted Children."

"J.A.B., Birmingham," passes too severe a censure on young married people when he accused them of refusing to have children. Unemployment and bad housing conditions are the direct causes of the apparently unnatural conduct of our young married people. Thousands of them are living in "rooms," and consider that it would certainly not be strictly "moral" to rear a family under such conditions. Natural laws demand natural conditions of living and work for all, to provide home comforts. Until these conditions are established, the majority of young people must perforce remain "unnatural" and "immoral."—*T. A., Nuneaton.*

Claims of Vaccination.

If we are to have a Royal Commission on vaccination we must carefully exclude medical experts, or we shall have another fiasco like the last Royal Commission. That Commission, in the main, assumed the claims of vaccination as proved, and that all they had to do was to find evidence in its favour. Considering the enormous pecuniary interest the profession has in vaccination, it would be little short of indecent for any medical man to sit upon a Royal Commission on the subject. A barrister, whose impartiality is above suspicion, should preside. — *A. J. Marriott, Reading.*

Raising Hopes in Vain.

The genuine seeker for work often tramps many miles and writes scores of letters in answer to advertisements, generally to find, unless he is early on the scene, that the vacancy has been filled. This is unavoidable, of course, but on various occasions, after applying too late for such jobs as clerk, chauffeur, and commercial traveller, I have seen the same advertisements repeated for some days, simply inviting disappointment for others. It would be a kindness on the part of employers to withdraw their advertisements when suited, thus saving expense and heartache to a community which already has enough of both to bear.—"*Unlucky*," *Norwich.*

Training Schools for Workless.

Tens of thousands of young people, living on doles, are being industrially ruined as workers and spoiled as citizens, and are repudiating the gospel that a people should work to live. How serious the consequences may be the future will surely reveal. "Signing on," and killing time should not be the only mission in life for those a Government's failure to carry out its election promises has left workless. The unemployed who are under twenty-one should be compelled to attend a school or place where technical training could be given them. Such training would keep them fit to accept jobs when they come along. Under present conditions too many are becoming worthless to employers.—*M.B.E., Sheffield.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Money for Nothing.

Unemployed workmen in the engineering trade must in many cases agree to pay their foremen so much per week if they find them jobs. Of course the men should go to the higher authorities of the firm and report this, but by so doing they would lose the chance of the job and in these hard times they dare not risk it. The firms would do well to enquire into the matter, stop this blackmail and get rid of these blood-sucking foremen.—*R. B., Spalding.*

What's the good of being a Girl?

One often hears the above question and it's so foolish. Can't we remember we are human souls? Whether enclosed in a man's or woman's body our life's aim is to develop character. If we remember this we can never feel thwarted. Bad circumstances develop character as well as good ones if taken in the right spirit. Of course if we are out to be petted, we'll get thwarted all right. A good time should be no one's aim. Have grit; take the rough. Pleasure and pain are fleeting. Both men and women will be justly judged some day, not on their sex, but on their character.—*A Girl, Newcastle.*

Making Betting Pay.

The racing disclosures which are now appearing in JOHN BULL have satisfied a real want among people interested in the sport of kings, and have made comprehensible to them many matters, which before had left them guessing. I have a friend, who in the course of the last twelve months has made, by comparatively small betting, the sum of £2,000. His luck was, up to lately, to say the least, bewildering. I knew he had many friends in stables throughout the land, friends made in a cavalry regiment during the war. Yet I could not see how, even with hints from these quarters, he managed to win so consistently. Even the best prophets of the stables, I thought, would make several mistakes in so uncertain a sport. I have come to the conclusion that his good fortune is not due to pure sporting luck, but to an element of crooked dealing somewhere, which shows his apparent plunges to be dives for already visible certainties.—*James, Blackburn.*

209
Insurance Benefits paid this week
TOTAL NOW PAID
8291
The names of those who benefit this week unavoidably held over owing to lack of space

Benefits of Land Gifts.

The example set by Lord Leverhulme in making a gift of the island of Lewis to its inhabitants might well be followed by others of our great landlords. By so doing he has shown gratitude to the ex-fighters who form such a large percentage of the islanders. He has given an incentive, too, to those sturdy people to remain in the homeland and so to neutralise the poisonous influence of alien immigration which is earning for Britain the appellation of cesspool of the world. Moreover, such an act of generosity engenders among the classes a good feeling which tends to kill the canker of Communism and Bolshevism. Our land magnates would do well to give up the idea that their sole purposes in life are self-enjoyment and Continental holiday-making, and to remember the old adage which tells them that bread cast upon the waters returns after many days.—*R. Macfarlane, Stornaway.*

Pedestrian Road Hogs.

All considerate motorists must agree that intoxicated and sober "road hogs" should be sternly punished for their offences in the interests alike of the pedestrian and the general road user. But little seems to be said with regard to the inconsiderate pedestrian. Since the Press campaign against the "road hog" commenced, there has been a noticeable difference in the consideration shown by the pedestrian to motorists, and motorists are fain to defend themselves through the medium of the Press. Instances of discourtesy are common, and unless pedestrians who are guilty of calculated obstruction mend their manners we shall have a law sooner or later making them responsible, as in the case in France, for making way for road vehicles of every description, under pain of penalties.—*N. H., Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

A Housing Solution.

I notice that Lord Londonderry is going to build forty houses at a cost of £12,000; £300 each, for his workmen. The purchaser would pay a deposit of £5 and receive the Government subsidy of £75. Following the deposit he could pay in weekly instalments of 10s. or more, if he chose. By these means he would pay for his house in fourteen years. What a glorious chance for the Government. For £12,000,000 raised by a conversion housing loan of 5 per cent., similar to other gilt edged securities, they could build 40,000 houses. This would decrease unemployment in the building trades primarily, then in the furniture trade, and in fact it would benefit all trades. The monies would not be lost, for the Exchequer would actually be able to make it a paying proposition.—*B. S. L., Brims Ferry, Glam.*

"If" You See It.

Obviously it is impossible for our public libraries to exhibit the current number of every daily or weekly publication, but a glance round the reading-rooms of the largest boroughs in London will show that a considerable portion of the literature supplied is hardly required, appealing only to such a class of people as are able and willing to pay for same to read in their own homes. On the other hand, half a dozen people may be seen waiting for a chance to read one publication which is popular with the man in the street. Trade journals, monthly reviews, foreign newspapers, etc., all have their values, but the popularity and policy of JOHN BULL demand its exhibition in our libraries.—*Mrs. F. A., Holloway.*

At last I've found a Cigarette that does not affect my throat.

Craven "A" Cork-Tipped Cigarettes are made from pure Virginia Tobacco free from adulteration, and pure rice paper.

20 for 1/-

CRAVEN "A"

CORK TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES 10.

Made by Carreras Ltd., London. 130 years' reputation.

Greenly's

Try on this Corset in your own Home

I will send you my new Model "A" Ambron Corset "on Appro." for Deposit of 1/-

THIS splendid Ambron Model "A" Corset, reduced from 14/11 to 8/11, is willingly sent to any lady for Home Approval on receipt of 1/- Deposit. Then you have a full, deliberate, personal and uninfluenced choice, based upon your leisurely examination. I want you to scrutinise it to the utmost, not to miss any point, and to be completely satisfied. When you are, you can send the balance of price either in one sum or by weekly instalments of 1/-, whichever you prefer. Send in the Coupon now.

A 14/11 AMBRON CORSET NOW REDUCED TO 8/11

This, as you will see, is almost a half-price offer—a most acceptable reduction. It means that you obtain the newest and most fashionable 14/11 Ambron Gold Medal Health Corset at 6/- less than usual. In every social circle the Ambron Corset is worn, and leaders of fashion, women of note and distinction, artistes and experts are enraptured with the bewitching charm of a Corset which so delightfully, delicately, and yet irresistibly enhances the grace, contour, and poise of the figure.

Miss Peggy O'Neil, *the Charming Actress, says:* "*Women who appreciate elegance and ease would do well to wear the Ambron Gold Medal Health Corset.*"

Miss Lilian Davies, *another popular favourite, says:* "*In design, fit, material, and finish the Ambron Health Corset is perfect.*"

THIS BEAUTIFUL CORSET DESCRIBED:

The New Model Ambron Corset is made throughout in Ambron Super Corset Cloth, specially woven. The bust is low, being cut two inches above waist line, thus following the popular vogue. Double reciprocal supports, cloth cased and specially reinforced at ends, wedge-shape busk. Four adjustable woven lisle suspenders, which can be detached. The whole garment is washable without the trouble of removing trimming, busks or supports.

HOME APPROVAL COUPON

By which you get a 14/11 Ambron Corset for 8/11

Simply write full name and address on a piece of paper, to which pin this coupon. Please send me a 14/11 Ambron Model "A" Corset at the reduced price of 8/11, on approval. My measurements are:

Waist..... Bust..... Hips .....

I enclose 1/- deposit, with 6d. part postage, and if I do not immediately return corset I will either complete purchase in one sum of 7/11, or by weekly instalments of 1/- each.

Please cross Postal Orders thus / /. Sizes range from 19 inches to 36 inches. Over 30 inches 1/6 extra.

X

John Bull, 15/9/23. No. 409.

Post your order at once to **AMBROSE WILSON, LIMITED 409, Allen House, 70, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1.**

The Largest Mail Order Corset House in the World.

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YOU CANNOT GET SARTOR RAINCOATS

AT REDUCED PRICE

AFTER SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th.

The famous SARTOR **17/6** Carr. Paid in the British Isles.

To prevent disappointment, applications should be made at once by those who wish to benefit by our GREAT SPECIAL OFFER.

THE OFFER.—We undertake to supply the Genuine Famous SARTOR Raincoat at the reduced price of 17/6 to anyone who writes to us on or before September 29th. But we shall consider it a favour if you will send in your application TO-DAY, as the final rush is certain to be a strain on our resources.

SARTOR RAINCOATS (Famous all over the World) are tailored by experts from a fully proofed Gabardine, with cozy check lining, and are suitable for all weathers.

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John Bull's Letter Bag

WRITE to JOHN BULL about it. Tell us your troubles—ask us questions. We do not deal flippantly except with flippant writers. There is a world of sympathy and understanding at your call through the Editor and Staff of *John Bull*. An expert staff deals with Legal, Financial, Service and Pension inquiries by post. All you have to do is to enclose a stamped addressed envelope for the reply.

W. C. (Ashford).—"There is no county like Kent to walk in." Nor to hop in.

R. H. S. (Devonport).—"Much of the tinned fruit on sale here contains a gritty sediment." The sands of the dessert!

SWEET BRIAR (Hornsey).—"It takes a man to smoke a pipe." Then have a cigarette.

H. W. (Reading).—"What does Trade Unionism stand for?" Parliament, frequently.

M. E. (Waltham Cross).—"Quite a lot of girls become engaged when on holiday—but what after?" Ring off!

P. S. W. (Highbury).—"Where does the time-wasting seaside youth get to in the winter?" On the rocks, probably.

A. M. N. (Perth).—"The Scot stands foremost among the commercial nations." Yet rumour hath it that the Scot very seldom stands at all.

T. G. R. (Sheffield).—"Possibly you didn't realise that the telegram you received came from me." We certainly didn't recognise the handwriting.

M. N. (Accrington).—"When I have a grievance against my husband I look him straight in the face." Hope you don't see red.

W. L. N. (Denmark Hill).—"Within ten minutes' walk from Putney Bridge I landed a pike turning the scale at 28lbs." What a whopper!

H. B. C. (Golders Green).—"I have for some considerable time been repairing watches and clocks for friends of mine merely as a hobby." Then time *isn't* money to you.

M. B. (Portsmouth).—"I can say for myself that no one has ever seen me the worse for liquor." Personally, we have a most decided objection to secret drinkers.

A. D. C. (Douglas).—"I find it very much easier to express myself in writing than by speech." But your letter makes it clear that you have very little to say for yourself

G. D. C. (Redcar).—"It is impossible, for instance, to obtain an unanimous opinion as to which is the best modern novel." Very possibly that's because we haven't had time to write it yet.

W. B. (Blackburn).—"If Unions would help the worker instead of dabbling in politics they would receive more support." But isn't it possible they couldn't do very much for the worker if they didn't dabble in politics?

A. F. D. (Croydon).—"The real genuine tragedian cannot make a living on the stage in these times." But we always thought that the tragedian's business was to *die* on the stage.

PRACTICAL (Bristol).—"Germany is practically debt free." And here we've had an idea that she owed us a bit.

T. K. (Southchurch).—"Modern dancing is only canoodling to music." Then cut out the music.

P. R. T. (Neath).—"Excuse me letting off steam in this letter." Reads just like hot air to us.

P. L. (Devonport).—"Really, JOHN BULL seems to go all over the world." Yes, sir! And gets there every time.

C. J. R. (Royston).—"One day I should like to look you in the face." Well, that's plain enough, anyhow.

J. W. (Byker).—"You warned your readers, but I forgot until too late, and so got caught badly." That was because you didn't see the catch.

MRS. BOB (Longsight).—"From the outside it must be admitted that price of butcher meat is excessive." And from the inside, indigestive.

G. L. (Bacup).—"Surely drinking water must often become contaminated when carried to the consumer through lead pipes." Do you want it telegraphed?

L. T. B. (Scissett).—"The schoolboy has returned to his lessons—his holidays are over." And, consequently, mother's are just about to commence.

J. W. (Moss Side).—"Who is the best employer—the worldly man or the Christian?" Personally, we prefer the business man.

H. G. (Sutton).—"My income gets less and less every quarter." Cheer up! Think how much less income-tax you'll have to pay next year.

W. F. F. (Andover).—"For a perfect night's rest one should sleep on the right side." And the others, we assume, wedge themselves in where they can.

DICK (Clay Cross).—"Although tailors generally have reduced their charges, there's still a lot of money in men's clothes." There certainly isn't in ours.

LAYER (Brighton).—"Bookmakers have had a bad year, the public know too much." Possibly they've bought their experience.

H. A. (Barnet).—"Genius seems always to start off from a garrett." Which reminds us that we'd a nice little attic ourselves once.

T. C. (Hampstead).—"If you have plenty of money, you have plenty of friends." Very possibly that explains our position of splendid isolation.

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.*

BLACKHEAD (Chelsea).—"Poets of the past lack fire." What about Burns?

G. B. (Cambridge).—"Will there ever be any money in German marks?" There certainly will never be any of ours.

W. & S. (Cheltenham).—"The unemployed cannot carry on for ever on the dole." No, sir! Nor can the country.

EX-SERVICE (Brighton).—"We must stand by our policy." And pay the premium.

D. G. (Kilcreggan).—"The best is good enough for me." And, consequently, there's no need to remind us that you're a registered reader of JOHN BULL.

H. D. (Bayswater).—"It makes me wild to think of the amount of money that has been made out of one silly song." Then you must compose yourself.

E. F. (Bath).—"Please don't forget that you replied to my last letter." But that was because we thought it *was* your last letter.

R. K. B. (W.C.2).—"What is the song about a building ring?" It certainly isn't Build a ring-a-ring o' rowses of houses.

M. O. D. (Manchester).—"What would you be, for instance, without your sense of humour?" A music-hall comedian, probably.

F. B. (Richmond).—"And, moreover, cheap face powder completely ruins a woman's skin." That puts quite a different complexion on it.

W. R. T. (Crawley).—"Let me give you a picture of this country under prohibition." No, sir, we have no particular partiality for water-colours.

TIDWORTHITE (Hants).—"If we ask for a cup of tea in our own canteen the girl says, 'Oh, wait!'" Wants to make you the waiter, whereas, of course, you're the customer.

D. B. J. (Hengoed).—"I do not agree with you on the drink question." And we don't mind admitting that some of the drink we've come across lately doesn't agree with us either.

C. F. (Snaresbrook).—"As an example, I myself signed the pledge and have appeared in public on behalf of temperance." Appeared, we presume, as a *horrible* example.

A. McM. (Walworth).—"Very shortly we are going to have another spell of really warm weather, take it from me." We'll take it from anybody so long as it arrives.

J. S. T. (Harrow).—"Most married men realise that their wives are their best pals." And most married men make the mistake of not telling their wives so occasionally.

ARTHUR (Maidstone).—"How are you going to celebrate the 500th *Bullets* Competition?" Wait and see. Meanwhile, why not get busy on the £1,000 offered this week?

B. C. (Stoke Newington).—"Newbold is all wrong!" All right!

SWEEPER (Woking).—"Even the humble dollar carries weight." Certainly! it's a quarter of a pound.

D. P. S. (Andover).—"The law is no respecter of persons." Nor the lawyers of purses.

I. R. (Ayr).—"There should be special evening classes for young married women." We prefer to see them doing home work.

O. P. (Clapton).—"The Ruhr question certainly wants looking into." Or getting out of.

T. B. (——).—"I never miss reading your paper." But apparently you occasionally miss putting your address on your missives.

L. J. L. (Liverpool).—"I give you leave to put me on your mug's register." No need for leave, son! we'll do it in our working time.

R. S. A. (Chadwell Heath).—"Is there any simple method by means of which one can become proficient on the harp?" Be good.

R. F. G. (Edmonton).—"I know how your paper discovers the welshers!" We simply make a noise like a punter and they queue up.

A. P. W. (Hornsey).—"This year, for the first time, my wife and I took our holidays separately." What a holiday!—for the wife.

W. B. (Edinburgh).—"Life itself may be looked upon as a business." So long as you don't insist on us working an eight hour day at it, we don't mind.

MAT (Letchworth).—"Every day it becomes more and more apparent that justice is blind." Yes! but only to injustice.

X. 10 (Sudbury).—"I can't bring myself to think of the future." Cheer up, lad! With such a fine past things are bound to take a turn.

E. L. (Southend).—"At last we have a centre-forward worth looking at." Whereas we have a centre-forward that is most noticeable.

T. D. (Tooting).—"Why doesn't JOHN BULL clean up the heads of the theatrical profession?" Apparently you are under the delusion that we are a vacuum cleaner.

M. G. (Leicester).—"Before evening comes the house proud woman is completely done up." And the *other* kind, made up.

A. SLADE (Mortlake).—Your £1 "Bullets" Prize has been refused at address given on coupon. Kindly call here for your cheque.

W. A. T. (Lancaster).—"If we don't pay adequately for brain work, what is it that the inventor receives royalties for?" That's the idea!

T. A. (Newton Abbot).—"It's clear to me that you can't tell the average woman anything." And it's clear to us that she doesn't very often give you the chance.

F. E. A. (Russell Square).—"The standard of decency among young girls in this country is on the decline." And so is the standard of criticism among old women.

COURAGE (Southampton).—"Anyhow I've had pluck enough to walk here from Newcastle and now intend working my passage to South Africa." Good lad! clearly you'll go a long way.

N. P. K. (Tonbridge).—"Solely in the interests of economy I have found it advisable to convert part of my kitchen garden into an additional lawn." Then clearly you have a lawn more.

A. B. L. (Queen's Park).—"I was hung in the Royal Academy the year before last, and since then have been hoping to paint pictures that another artist signs." You're a ghost.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

LAST FEW WEEKS!

2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil Free!

Turn to page 2 whilst there is still time.

Some folk get all the

**but,
at a trifling cost,
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BIRD'S CUSTARD

with stewed Plums.

The plump red or yellow plums as they float in their luscious juice, partly hidden by a generous helping of Bird's Custard, make a picture which stimulates appetite.

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Tins 1/6; silvered bowls 1/1 and 6½d.; small tricolour plate, 1½d.

C.1306

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(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

ADDRESS .....

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Please write in BLOCK CAPITALS AND IN INK. Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "& Co." and made payable to "Treasure Quest Competition." J.B. 150

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I have tried for ten years for prizes and I won a substantial prize last week. B.

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THE THING CALLED LUCK

And the Men Who Have Never Had It

HAVE you ever stopped to consider how extraordinarily lucky you are? You've probably thought of yourself as rather an unfortunate individual, taxed out of existence in these post-war days, barely able to keep things going. But just think for a moment of the things you do have.

You have health—fairly normal good health—health that keeps you at work five or even six days in the week. You don't have to worry too much about a doctor, and you have come to take the health for granted.

And work. Hard work, maybe, that tires you out in the course of the day and sends you wearily home; but work for all that. Work that gives you the money that makes the home possible.

Home! Happy word that brings before your eyes pictures of a cosy hearth, a crackling fire, slippers on the fender and the sweet company of wife and children. What man could ask more?

Yet there is more. There are all the little unnoticeable things we have come to regard not as luck, but as a matter of course. There is the joy of being a decent respectable citizen, well fed, well clothed, moderately prosperous. There are those occasional excursions to the theatre or the pictures, the quiet night with a good book, the football match on the Saturday afternoon.

Lucky? You are!

Think of the "other chap"—the man who, through perhaps no fault of his own, has missed these things—the things that are really worth while in life.

Broken in the war, bad health, out of a job, an ailing wife and children, and the hovel called "home" being sold before his eyes! That is his lot. It is the unhappy lot of many British ex-Service men to-day. All over the country men, women and children are suffering—silently and courageously. And your well-ordered life runs smoothly on. Aren't you lucky?

We are doing our best to help the "unlucky" ones. Week after week we have detailed some of the cases in which we lent a helping hand. And it was the generosity of many of our "luckier" readers that enabled us to do this.

Won't *you*, sitting by your warm fire with the smoke of your pipe rising lazily to the ceiling, give a thought to these unfortunate brothers and sisters and send us along a donation to the "Greatest of These——" Fund? We are keen also to get parcels of clothing—shirts, socks, etc.—and can find a ready use for them.

Every penny subscribed and every article sent gives help to the needy. All the administrative expenses are borne gladly by "John Bull."

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

"Third Ninth," K. L. M., 1s. 6d.; H. J. N. S., 1s.; "Old Soldier," 1s.; "Always Trusting," 11d.; "Terminus Road," 1s.; "Deanistoun's Ninth," 2s. 3d.; "Ninth of a Rise," 1s. 3d.; "Birkdale," 6½d.; J. T. Ky, 1s. 7d.; "Denial" (Edmonton), 3s.; C. J. S., 3d.; "Monarch," 1s. 6d.; Mrs. A. A., 2s. 6d.; A. H. B., 2s. 10d.; F. Forsbrey, 3s. 6d.; J. N., 1s. 3d.; Mrs. G. M. Sales, 2s.; "Constant Reader Unemployed," 2s. 6d.; "Exam. Fever," 8d.; J. C., 1s.; "An Old Age Pensioner," 6d.; "Ell," 3d.; "Anon., 1s. 9½d.; E. H. (Burton), 2s. 6d.; "One Anon., 1s. 9½d.; E. H. (Burton), 2s. 6d.; "One Ninth," H. J. O., 6d.; "Very Unfortunate's Ninth," 2s. 9d.; "Second Ninth" (Newcastle-on-Tyne), 1s. 4½d.; "Bucks a Ninth," 4d.; "Liverpool," 10d.; "Tunstall," 2s. 2½d.; A. H., 2s. 6d.; E. Pook, 1s. 5d.; Mrs. Campbell, 1s.; "Poverty," 1s. 3d.; P. H. Phillips, 1s. 4d.; "Argo," 1s.; "Redual," 2s. 6d.; "Halesfax," 2s. 10d.; N.Y. C., 7d.; "Puck," 2s. 5d.; "Nipper's Second Ninth," 8d.; "One Ninth, Also Has," 1s.; "Hammersmith," 1s. 7d.; "A Scot's Ninth" (Paisley), 19s. 4d.; "Blackburn," 4d.; "Dears," 1s.; "A Ninth" (Oxo), 1s.; "Armley," 1s. 3d.; "Ninthwyn," 3s. 6d.; "Styz," 6d.; J. B. (Motherwell), 10d.; G. W. A., Mic., 3s.; Mrs. D. N. Correy, 3d.; "War Widow of Seven," 8d.; "Wimbledon," 7s. 9d.; "Henley-on-Thames," 2s. 6d.; "Cinderford," 3d.; Miss J. W. Ladd, 2s. 6d.; "Biddy" (Cheriton), 3d.; "Invalid Widow," 6d.; "A Wellwisher," 10s.; "Hard-up," 1s.; "Posty's Ninth," 3s. 4d.; "Miner Donny," 4s.; "Better Luck," 4d.; "Eighteenth Ninth," 1s. 0½d.; "A Gunner, R.F.A.," 2s. 6d.; "Trusting Teddy," 8d.; "Accrington," 2s.; E. H. B., 1s. 6d.; "Tyneside," 1s. 10d.; "Liverpool," 1s.; "Second Ninth" (Goole), 2s.; "Ninth" (Bristol), 2½d.; "Hope," 9d.; "1856," 6d.; "Stoke Gabriel," 1s.; "Bullet Trier," 6d.; "Port Royal," 2s. 6d.; "Hylton," 2s.; "Ninth (Northampton), 2s.; Anon. (Clapham Road), 1s. 9d.; "Seaforth," 4s.; Mrs. R. H., 2s.; "Annie" (Leicester), 4d.; "Waterworks Street," 2s. 6d.; "Superstitious," 6d.; "O.B Ninth," 2s. 1d.; "Working Man, Wife and Child," 6d.; W. B., 1s. 2½d.; Mrs. Green, 1s.; "Trix" (Hull), 4s. 1d.; G. T. H., 11d.; H. M. G. (West Norwood), 1s.; "Bishop Auckland," 2s. 6d.; "Whegood," 2s.; "X.Y.Z.," 3d.; W. G. G., 1s.; Mr. A. Ashford, 1s.; "Squibbs," 1s. 6d.; E. M. Payne, 1s.; "Hopeful," 6d.; "Moo" (Brighton), 2s. 6d.; K. R. S., 2s.; J. M. Sloan, 5s.; "Scotch Sympathiser's Ninth," 2s. 7d.; "Linthouse," 1s.; V. W., £1; "Ko-Ko," 2s.; "Still Hopeful" (Stepney), 1s. 6d.; W. T. S., 1s. 6d.; Tom Mitchell, 1s.; "Ninth Part" (Richmond), 10s.; C. G., 1s. 6d.; "Billy's Ninth," 3s.; "Poor Mary's Ninth," 6d.; E. J. Acott, 1s.; S. W. Macmillan, 1s.; "Mary," 9d.; "One Ninth" (Manchester), 4s. 6d.; J. Stockton, 4½d.; "Broxburn," 1s.; "Hose Ninth," 2s. 6d.; "Ninth," 8s.; W. E. A. 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C., 2s.; "May Our Luck Turn," 1s. 4½d.; T. Wild (Chorley), 1s.; Mrs. E. T. Woodhouse, 2s.; "Annie" (Rochdale), 3d.; "Hard Luck," 6d.; "Mother of Three," 8d.; F. B., 1s. 1½d.; "Quadring," 1s. 6d.; "A Lonely Widow," 2s.; E. Parsons, 2s. 2d.; "Southampton," 3s.; "A Reader" (Glasgow), 6½d.; T. L. W. K., 1s. 2d.; M. M. (Bootle), 6½d.; "Nine Makes," 4½d.; "Ilford Ninth," 1s. 1½d.; "Poor Family," 6d.; C. G. B., 5d.; "Ex-Terrier," 6d.; "Anne Ninth," 2½d.; "A Widow's Ninth," 10d.; "My Ninth," 5d.; B. E. E., 1s. 9d.; "More Hopeful," 2s.; J. H., 9d.; J. Priestley (Burnley), 6s.; "Upminster Sympathiser," 2s. 6d.; H. H. (Accrington), 3s.; "Found Work," 1s. 3d.; "A Ninth" (Clifton), 10½d.; "Interested," 2½d.; "Bitterne Park," 6d.; "Down and Out," 3d.; E. W. B., 3d.; "Mother Machree," 6d.; Gorston," 2s.; "Better Luck Next Time," 2s. 6d.; L. D. Daly, 9d.; "Sympathy," 2s.; H. S. Miller (Oxford), 6d.; "Burro," 8d.; M. M., 9s.; "Forester," 6d.; "My First Ninth," 1s.; "Hope," 1s. 2d.; E. G., 7½d.; "Beatrice," 2½d.; H. J. F., 2s.; "Argo," 1s. 6d.; W. S. M., 6½d.; "Onsy," 10d.; "Woolwich Green," 8d.; "Monarch," 6d.; "Nelly," 4½d.; "Rose" (Faversham), 9d.; "Coupon 476," 6d.; V. C. Hart, 10d.; E. F. (Glasgow), 6s. 6d.; L. F. W., 1s.; "Disappointed Target," 11d.; "Eastbourne," 1s.; "One Anchor," 1s. 6d.; "Gateshead," 6d.; "Lucky 9-14," 10s.; "Poor Woman's Ninth," 2s.; "Having a Rough Passage," 1s.; "Ju-Ju," 4d.; "Another" (Bath), 2s. 2d.; "Another Ninth," 6d.; "King's Hill," 7½d.; T. Hughes, 9d.; F. G., 6d.; "Unlucky Competitor," 1s.; "Hopeful," 1s. 3d.; "Second Ninth" (Rugby), 1s. 3d.; A. A. C., 6d.; "Fulham," 2s.; "Fourth Ninth," 7½d.; "Goldy," 2½d.; "Depressed," 9d.; D. J. (Croydon), 3s.; G. P. R., 9d.; "Cardiff," 1s. 6d.; "Lonsome," 1s.; "Blue Ninth," 1s. 4d.; "Lonsome," castle), 1s.; "Blue Ninth," 1s. 4d.; "Lonsome," 6d.; "Northwich," 1s. 2½d.; "My First," 10½d.; "Hopeful Ninth," 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade announcement in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one month from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

To a Regular Competitor

ONE of our correspondents points out that previous *Bullets* articles have been addressed, to a large extent, to the reader unacquainted with the Competition. And he asks, rightly enough, that we should afford the same measure of assistance to such cases as his own—that of the regular competitor who finds his *Bullets* either "missing fire" altogether, or securing only small awards.

"From my own point of view," he continues, "many *Bullets* I have submitted seem to me but little inferior to those which have won printed prizes. Why is it that, lately, I have won nothing bigger than a half-crown prize?"

One thing, "Regular Competitor," is certain. If prizes are not coming your way, the fault lies only with the efforts which are being entered. We will therefore examine a few *Bullets* of the type which you and other competitors have submitted without success.

HAPPY EVENT—RESTAURANT SOUP SERVED HOT.

Gibes at restaurant fare are very popular with our competitors, who will utilise every possible *Example* to play on this topic. It is, however, an old theme for humour, both on the music-hall stage and in *Bullets*. Some neater and more ingenious treatment than this would be necessary to secure any substantial prize.

OLD COMPLAINT—BIG FAMILY—SMALL PENSION.

Here the competitor has dealt with the subject of the under-pensioned ex-soldier, relying for his point upon the simple contrast between "big" and "small." This has not produced an effort sufficiently different from others employing the same idea to gain any particular distinction.

HOLIDAY PROBLEM—IT'S "WHERE TO STOP."

This *Bullet*, as it stands, is an excellent one, with a double meaning which the competitor might well have expected to bring success. But, unconsciously or otherwise, he has produced an effort almost identical to a previous prize-winner—Holiday Question—Knowing "Where to Stop." Clearly, therefore, this attempt could not have been considered for any large prize to-day.

WHAT I MISS—BULLETS PRIZE MOST WEEKS.

A perfectly straightforward statement, true perhaps, but not one which would be worth even a small prize. Do not bewail your failures in your *Bullets* themselves, or you may never have any successes to relieve them. The adjudicators are looking for prizeworthy *Bullets*—not four-word tales of woe.

MAKING LOVE—ONCE BITTEN—TWICE SHY.

A popular saying, quotation or proverb applied to an *Example* in an obvious way like this is unlikely to produce a prize-worthy *Bullet*. Yet, given some humorous or unexpected twist, such an effort might well succeed.

These criticisms of typical entries are intended to assist regular competitors to improve upon their previous wins, or help the unsuccessful towards their first award. They should not discourage the new competitor, for although the adjudicators must naturally be critical in their search for prize *Bullets*, they are quick to appreciate the unhackneyed touch which the new entrant can often give his efforts, and which has brought many a newcomer into the *Bullets* "Big Three."

There is another £1,000 waiting for one of our competitors this week. Will a new competitor with his fresh outlook on affairs and untapped source of ideas carry off the honours? Or will a regular competitor reap this golden harvest? *Why not supply the answer yourself?*

Result of Competition No. 495 will be published in next week's issue.

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £1,000

2nd Prize £100 — 3rd Prize £50

10 PRIZES OF £5
10 PRIZES OF £2-10

100 Prizes of £1

200 PRIZES OF 5/-
1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6
5,000 TARGET PRIZES

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 497.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS
MUSSOLINI
THE RIGHT WAY
NEW ROAD
BALDWIN'S TASK
TO THE RESCUE
LATEST SENSATION
IN THE FACTORY
FROM BAD TO WORSE
MY CAR
BRITISH GOODS
MISUNDERSTOOD
LUCKY ESCAPE
LEARNING TO WALK
WICKED
MAKING US LAUGH
NOBODY'S DARLING
NEEDED AT HOME
WITHOUT A LICENCE
UNWANTED BABY
MY NEXT HOLIDAY
GETTING DARKER
WATCHING THE GAME
BANKRUPT
FINISHED WITH
IN PRACTICE
ON THE MOVE
BREAKING POINT
IN A WHISPER
AN EXPERT
FOOLISH ANSWER
NOT WORTH MUCH
SIMPLE COOL
TRAVELLING EXPENSES
TOO GOOD TO MISS
WHAT WE OWE
HER TEMPER
MOST DELIGHTFUL
A MILLION
TRUSTING WIFE

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The EDITOR's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *examples* printed; then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—A MOCKERY *Bullet*:—HOUSELESS BRICKLAYER DRAWING DOLE. *Example*:—SURE THING *Bullet*:—"WINDFALL" SAVES "CLIMBING TREE." *Example*:—YOUNG MAN'S FANCY *Bullet*:—IF PRINCE WEARS IT. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 497, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 27.
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(497) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed____
Address____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 27.
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(497) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed____
Address____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 27.
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(497) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed____
Address____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, Sept. 27.
Example____
Bullet____
Example____
Bullet____
(497) P.O. No.____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed____
Address____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION NO. 495.

DEBT OF HONOUR—CORE POINT—AT CHESSY—WE DON'T MIND—HIS WAY—LOOKING BAD—HOW TO SAVE—DIFFERENT GIRL—PATRONISE IT—PUTTING IT SLIGHTLY—TINNED SALMON—FRIENDLY TALK—AT RANDOM—SETTING IT FREE—SCARCE MAN—COMES THROUGH—WHAT WIFE EXPECTS—COOLING OFF—THE WRONG REMEDY—HIS REWARD.

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 495 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 495, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Forty Examples for Competition No. 497.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 494 can be seen in the window of Mr. Argent, Newsagent, High Street, Billingshurst, Sussex.

By Appointment to H.M. Queen Alexandra

Wanted to know:— who does not love

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

The KYNASTON METHOD

Dr. Kynaston, a fully qualified West End Specialist, emphatically states that

95 %

of the operations for

'ADENOIDS' and 'TONSILS'

are totally unnecessary.

REFUSE THE KNIFE.

The Kynaston Method is carried out at home.

For **CATARRH** the treatment is a certain remedy. Equally successful with both ADULTS and CHILDREN. The Institute with a qualified British Doctor at its head.

Write (enclosing 2d. stamp) or call

Medical Director,
THE KYNASTON INSTITUTE,
Stollan House, Southampton Row, (Kingsway end), W.C. 1.
'Phone—Museum 781

Do You Suffer from ASTHMA or BRONCHITIS?

If so, please note that Potter's Asthma Cure never fails to give sweet and instant relief. Do you say "Is this possible?" Our answer is "Prove it," by immediately sending for our Free Trial.

POTTER'S Asthma Cure

gives comfortable days and restful nights. Makes life worth living and enables you to follow your daily occupation without fear of break down. *The best remedy for bronchitis of children.* Good also for Croup, Whooping Cough and Lung troubles. Free from opiates and neither causes headache nor bad after-effects.

Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores for 1/6 or post free 1/9 from Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 63, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

Smoke Potter's Asthma Cure Cigarettes when out of doors.

A Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Asthma Cigarettes, together with book "Are you Asthmatic?" will be sent to every reader who encloses 2d. stamp. Write and mention this paper, or

Sign this Form to-day

and post to address above.

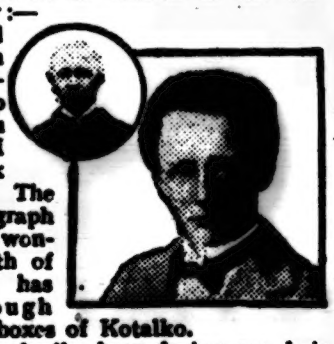
Name.....

Address.....

JOHN BULL.

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

Those who are bald or troubled with falling hair will be interetsed in Mr. Jack Evans' experience as related in the following letter:—



"The small photo taken from a football group will show you how bald I was six months ago. The other photograph proves the wonderful growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko.

"I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair, previous to the baldness, was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls.

"I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair, or troubled with dandruff.

"Yours faithfully,
"(Signed) JACK EVANS."

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This is composed of genuine bear fat, with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years. Please use coupon or copy it.

TEST-BOX Coupon

Fill in name and address and post with 6d. in stamps (or P.O.) to JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (83 A.B.), London, W. 1.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Skin Torment Stops at a Touch

Mrs. Bolton suffered agony for years because of an ulcerated ankle. The first application of Germolene gave her rest and comfort, and now she is completely cured.

Mrs. Bolton, of Old Castle, Malpas, Cheshire, writes:—"Five years ago I suffered an accident to my ankle which caused a nasty ulcer. I experienced untold pain. Nothing did me any good, and they were making arrangements to take me to hospital when my husband recommended Germolene. He dressed my foot and I retired for the night, and to my astonishment when I awoke it was morning. It was the first sound sleep for five years. After the first dressing my foot commenced to get better, and from that moment to this I have never felt pain. Germolene deserves the highest praise anyone can give. I am never without it in the home."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema	Piles	Skin Eruptions	Pimples
Psoriasis	Itching	Cuts and Burns	Chapped Hands
Rashes	Ulcers	Ringworm	Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s. per tin. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Your Skin Trouble ended once and for all

Let us ask you some straight questions. Have you spots, pimples, or blackheads on your face, or a rash or breaking-out on any part of your body? Have you a bad leg, or is one of your children suffering from ringworm or nettlerash? Are you worried or made miserable by skin irritation or eczema? All such annoyances and miseries are absolutely unnecessary. You can be immediately relieved and quickly cured by Antexema. There is nothing on earth that works such wonders and succeeds after every other treatment has utterly failed. The very first touch stops the worrying irritation, and you have only to continue using it to be thoroughly and permanently cured. Antexema is not a messy greasy ointment, but a creamy liquid, and when applied is invisible on the skin.

Get Antexema to-day

Not only is Antexema a cure for eczema, face spots, and rashes, but it completely ends every other variety of skin illness of children and adults. Bad legs, bad hands, scalp troubles, slow-healing sores, skin irritation, red, rough, or chafed skin, and all other skin ailments, however long they have lasted, are conquered by Antexema.

Antexema is supplied by all chemists and stores everywhere. Also of Boots', Parke's, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, and Lewis and Burrows', at 3/- and 1/3, the larger size being the more economical; or post free direct, 3/ and 1/6, from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. 1. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and Europe.

Antexema Soap (pine tar) will keep your skin absolutely clear of all blemishes and protect you from infection. Fragrant, refreshing and healthful. 8d. tablets.

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